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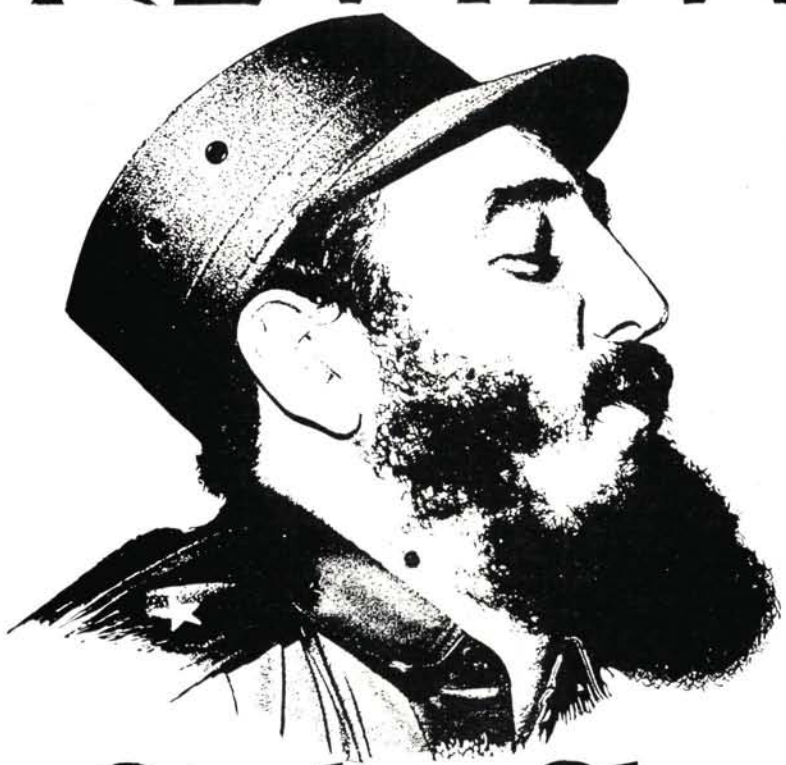
FEBRUARY 7, 1967

Who Are the New Pro-Communists?
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

NATIONAL REVIEW



Can Castro Start a New Vietnam?

PAUL D. BETHEL

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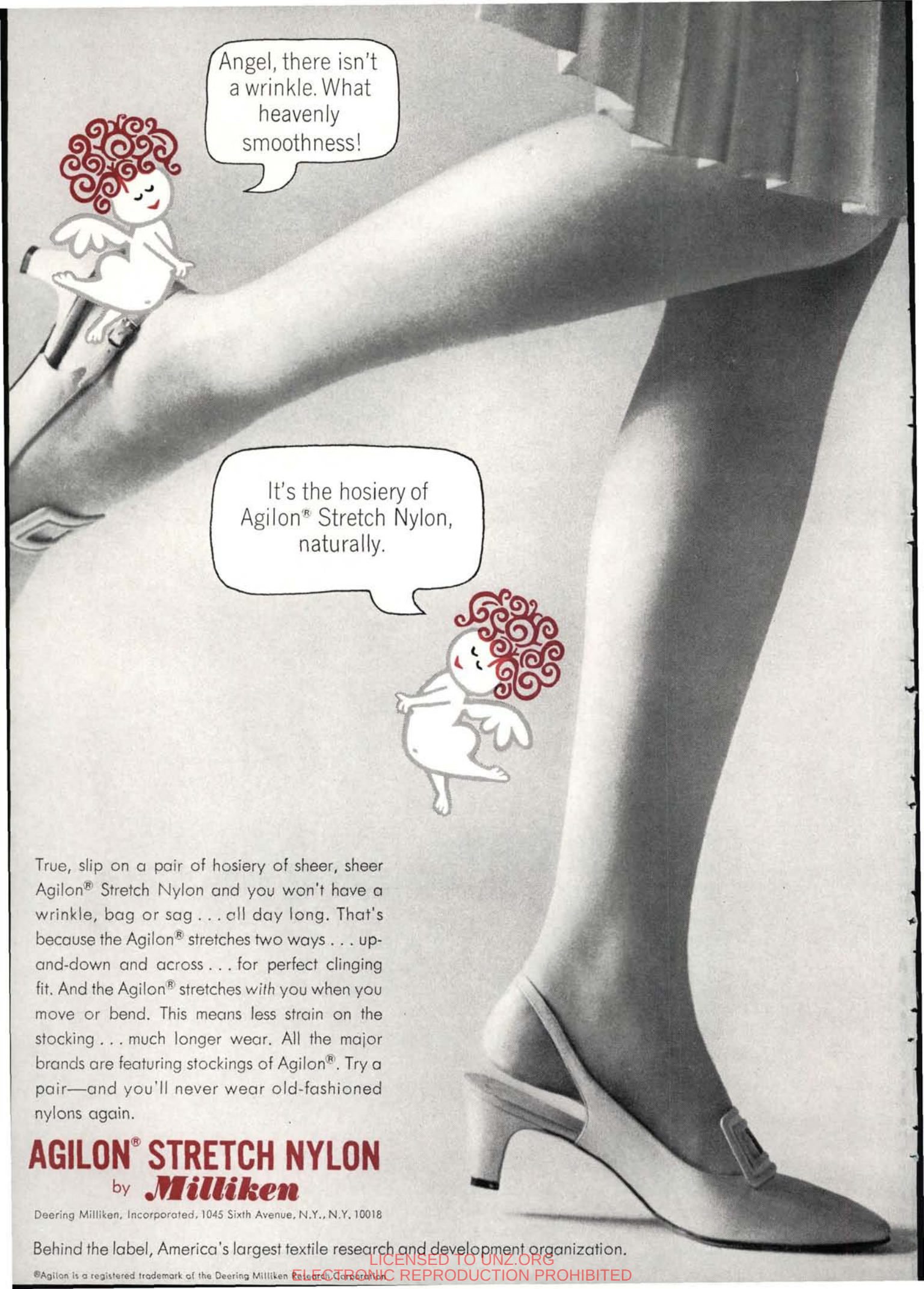

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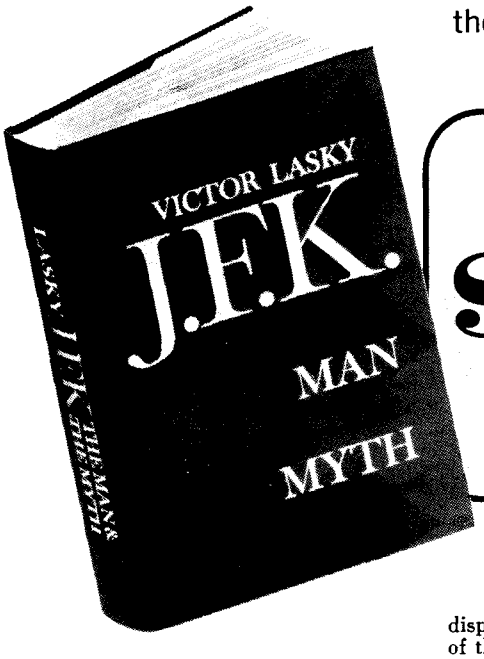

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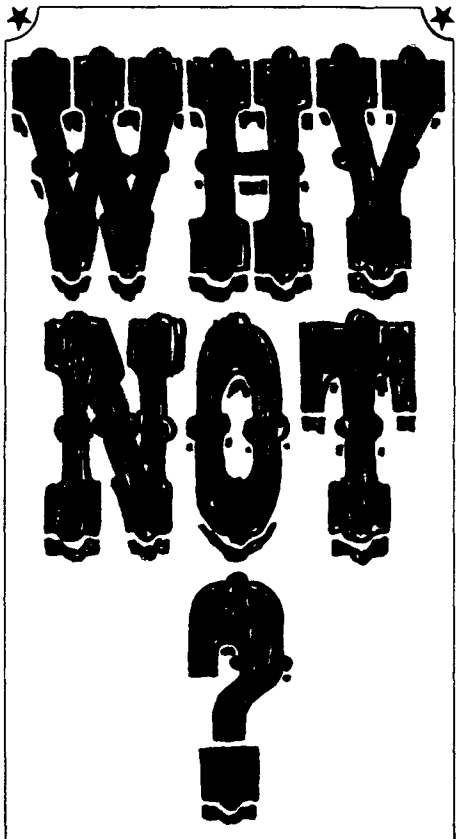

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Cuba, writes **Paul Bethel,** has become an overt military threat, and it is time to transfer the problem from the State Department to the Pentagon. Mr. Bethel, executive secretary of the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, has just published (through CCFC) an excellent pamphlet, *Cuba and U.S. Policy,* and will shortly publish (through Arlington House) an extended analysis of U.S. errors in Cuba policy, entitled *The Losers.* . . . **Prakash Jain** is an Indian author and journalist who has appeared many times in *NR* over the years; here he discusses, gravely, the outlook for the upcoming general elections. . . . The editor and the managing editor bid adieu to an associate editor, Aloise Buckley Heath, whose death on January 16 ended the career of the author of the most popular series of articles ever published in NATIONAL REVIEW.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** notices that the old-style pro-Communist, the inveterate joiner of leftist fronts, is passé, having given way to a new, and possibly more dangerous, type. . . . Conservatives are regularly accused of being negative, critical, merely destructive, and devoid of "positive proposals." **Frank S. Meyer** faces the challenge, showing how the positive blessings of liberty arise from the constant negation of overweening government. . . . **James Burnham** notes that a lot of non-African voices are being heard from, offering all sorts of advice to Africa, an area where outside comment should be most modest and cautious. . . . If only the schools would take a different approach, says **Russell Kirk,** the whole problem of poor reading might be largely cleared up. If a three-year-old girl in Midland can read, why can't college freshmen? . . . Mrs. **Nika Hazelton** would gladly do without the fawncy décor of a restaurant in return for good service and fine food, and she tells about one spot in Manhattan where the service is absolutely first-class.

➔ A symposial appreciation of the late T. S. Eliot, edited by Allen Tate, stirs Eliot's friend, Prof. **Hugh Kenner,** to the kind of searching and beauteous appraisal that makes one wonder how Tate could have overlooked Kenner when he put the book together. . . . Myra Roper's pro-Peking propaganda, decked out as a book in Doubleday jacket, is judiciously dismissed by **Karl Wittfogel,** director, Chinese History Project, Univ. of Washington (Seattle), and Adjunct Professor, Chinese History, Columbia. . . . **J. Bernard Burnham** reviews a strange account of the Dominican Republic by former ambassador James Bartlow Martin. The elder son of James Burnham, JBB is on the brink of a Ph.D. in economics at Washington University, and has lived and studied in Latin America. . . . **Richard Corliss,** a graduate student at Columbia, recently staged a sit-in at various cinemas around town, and returned to campus with the material for a fine rundown of four current films, not one of which was entirely beneath contempt. . . . And our reviewers team up for a quick review of the best of '66, in the form of short quotes from the most favorable reviews published here during last year. Would you believe it? There were actually 29 books we didn't knock.

➔ **Coming soon:** articles on Inside Russia, Inside the Black African Soul; a reply to James Burnham's approval of McNamara. ➔

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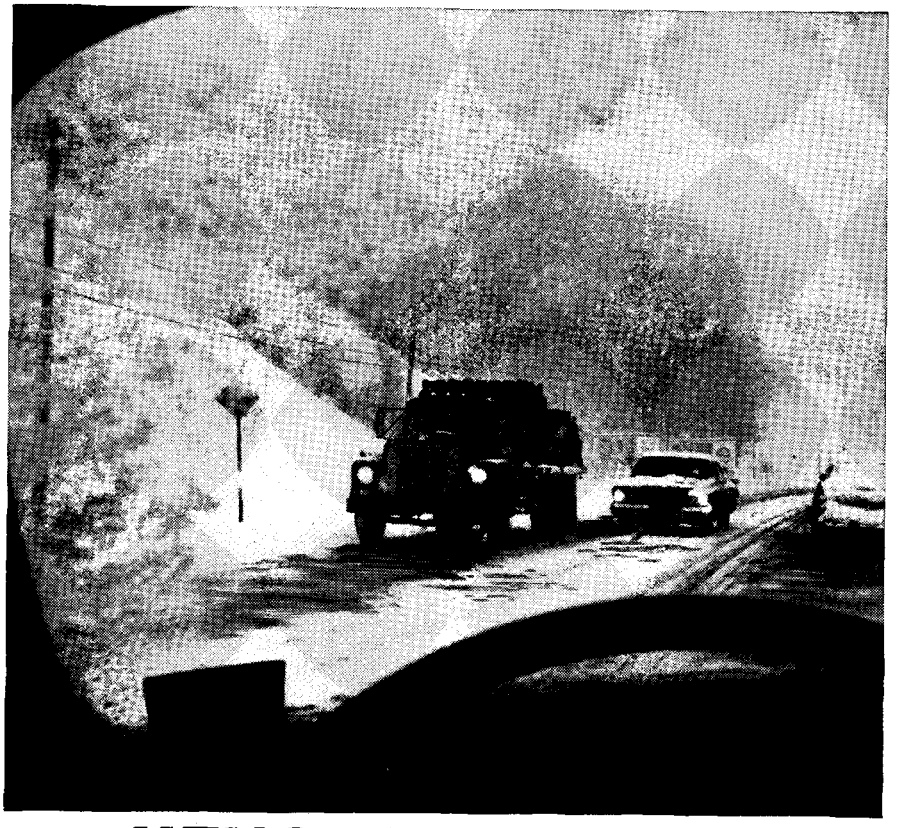

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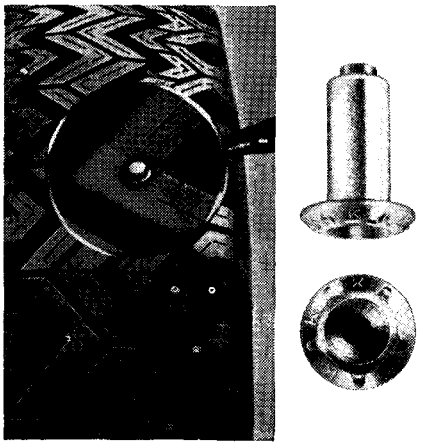

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TO THE EDITOR

Lunn on Catholicism

Sir Arnold Lunn's "An English Catholic Tours the U.S." [Jan. 24] ought to be required reading for every religion teacher in Catholic colleges. The words that among American Catholics have become dirty—conversion, apologetics, proof—urgently need rehabilitating.

Philadelphia, Pa. AUSTIN J. APP. PH.D.
LaSalle College

South Africa without Tears

My hat's off to Priscilla Buckley for that "Unsentimental Report" on South Africa [Jan. 10]. What makes it uncommonly good is that she neither prescribes easy solutions nor even intimates that they exist. By selective highlighting of a few symptoms, she manages to convey a feeling why that is so, which is quite a feat. Furthermore, she manages to tell her readers, offhandedly and therefore more effectively under the circumstances, why opposition to apartheid need not be politically suspect.

I showed the *NR* issue to a British Quaker friend of mine at the UN. He knows the area exceedingly well and, being a staunch, religiously motivated leftist, looks at *NR* with a jaundiced eye. Yet, after reading Priscilla Buckley at my insistence, he agreed somewhat reluctantly that this was the most "unimpugnable" piece he had seen.

New York, N.Y. PAUL W. FREEDMAN

Evans in Paper

I was most pleased to finally see a review of M. Stanton Evans' latest book, *The Politics of Surrender* [Jan. 10]. This book is outstanding. Not only is it exactly what we "conservatives" most like to read but I believe it has the added advantage that many "moderates" would find it acceptable reading.

So in answer to Mr. Mowrer's question, "What can we Americans do about it?," I suggest that we encourage Mr. Evans to have his book published in the lower-cost paperback form (possibly an abridged edition to cut down its length —but please don't ask me which part to take out) so that *The Politics of Surrender* can receive the widespread distribution that is both deserved and needed.

Honolulu, Hawaii JEFFREY S. SKINNER

Southern Capitalism

Russell Kirk's latest—"The Dogma of the South" [Jan. 10]—retained a fine cutting

(Continued on p. 118)

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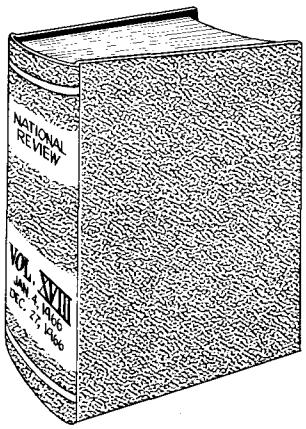

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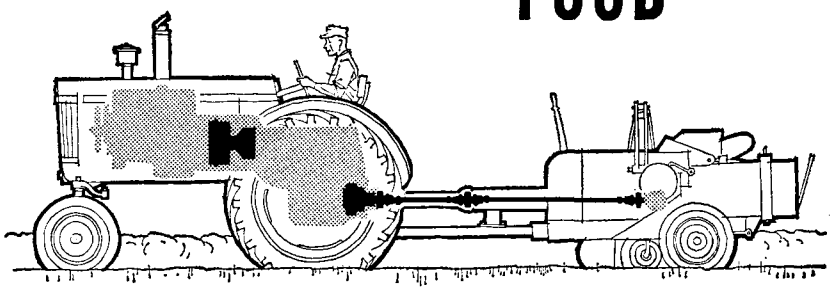

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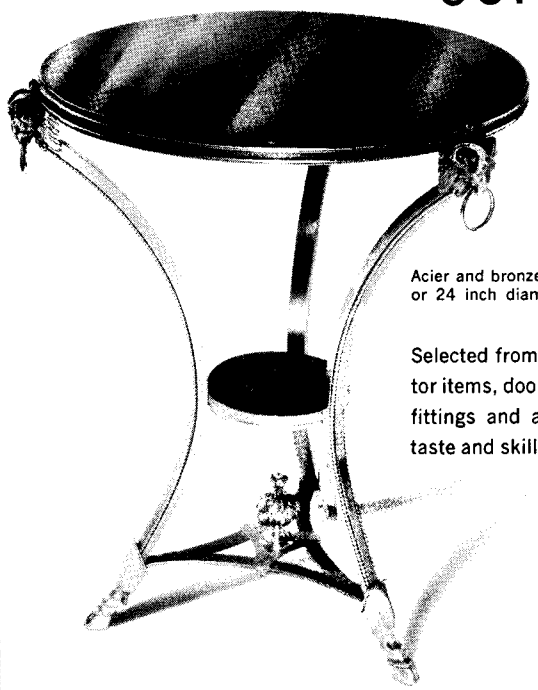

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 116)

edge as George Romney, northern politicians, General Motors, and the Metropolis received polemical lacerations via the poets. But though the South may have "dogma," Kirk should remember that business interests redeemed the South from the hated Yankee politician and ended Reconstruction. Among these interests, agrarians turned capitalists played no small role. Though Southerners won't admit it, these worshipers of "speed and mass" helped rebuild the South. The evil, as Kirk might have it, can be beneficial.

Oxford, Ohio RICHARD W. PIH

Weed-Killing

NR's editorials often have a coherence and sting that set them apart from the lackluster writing in most "political" magazines. But sometimes their logic comes through seemingly stripped of respect for ordinary decency. I refer to your comment on the bombing of North Vietnamese civilians [Jan. 10] in which you point out that the scattering of miltary installations and material sometimes makes the death of innocents inevitable. Indeed. But you drove home your point, which was valid, with an

(Continued on p. 159)

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The WEEK

● If Vietnam alone is costing us $22 billion a year, and if we have something less than half a million men there, then we are spending something more than $44,000 a year to maintain each man in the field. Right, Mac?

● Mr. Arthur Sylvester will be remembered—*ach ja*, perhaps even go down in history—as the Pentagon press chief who publicly, stoutly, and rather unguardedly argued that it was part of his job to tell fibs. Where he tripped up was that it is also an essential part of a fibber's job to keep a straight face. Well. Last week His Prevarication announced that the *New York Times* was doing a disservice to the country in printing outright propaganda from Hanoi and labeling it as news; downright angry was he. So angry, he failed to take a tip from his superiors. The *Times*, you see, has kept a straight face.

● A passing queer news story published on January 20 relates the discovery, by U.S. tracking stations, of four orbiting objects, origin unknown, although the orbit of one of them indicates its possible launching from a new missile base in central Russia. Granted the U.S. ability to effect a rendezvous in space, mightn't this news "report" be really a psywar communication from Washington to Moscow, threatening to raise the veil of secrecy that surrounds the Russian missile program?

● The Fifth Amendment was stretched two more notches by 5-4 Supreme Court decisions handed down January 16. In one, Justices Black, Brennan, Douglas, Fortas and Warren released five New Jersey cops from a ticket-fixing rap because they had been told they would be fired if they refused to testify. In the second, same lineup, a lawyer who had been disbarred after taking the Fifth in an ambulance-chasing investigation was ordered reinstated. On the basis of the past decade's consistent trend in Fifth Amendment decisions, the Court seems to be trying to suggest to the citizenry that anyone who admits anything is an idiot.

● Astounding, really, what ADA can find to do with other people's money and other people's liberties. With the obvious intent of influencing President Johnson's domestic program, the group recently unveiled some legislative proposals of its very own, to wit: 1) Medicare for all, financed under good old Social Security; 2) Free public education from nursery school through four years of college; 3) Increased participation by the poor in antipoverty programs; 4) More and better civil rights legislation, including nationwide open housing and provisions to eliminate "*de facto* segregation"; 5) A "guaranteed living income" for one and all (no figure mentioned); 6) Creation of five million new government jobs. This delicious future will cost a mere $10 billion, which ADA would have the government obtain by raising taxes on corporations and on the income of those Bloated Plutocrats who make $5,000 or more per year.

● The finance ministers of the U.S., Britain, France, West Germany, and Italy got together last week in England to talk about a concerted lowering of interest rates, with an eye to stimulating their economies without triggering large movements of "hot money" from low-interest to high-interest areas. The attempt is quixotic. High interest rates are the symptom of a boom, not the cause of a recession. And in the absence of truly dictatorial exchange controls, mere interest rate cartels among a handful of central bankers cannot hope to bottle up that most liquid resource, short-term capital. The real meaning of the meeting in England, of the meeting shortly coming up in France, and of a series of larger meetings of Western finance ministers scheduled for this year, is that the Western monetary system is in distress and something must be done. In 1966 the entire gold production of the West went into the hands of private investors who obviously think gold a better investment than the paper promises of perplexed finance ministers.

● Czech officials call it an "unimportant" consular matter and can't see why the United States is making such a thing of it. Imagine, at least one hundred Czech businessmen, scientists and artists have been seriously discommoded by *not* receiving United States visas which has meant that they've had to conduct their business or fire their test tubes or play their tubas in Western Europe instead of the United States. And all because Washington took it amiss when the Czech government got a Soviet airliner on a nonstop flight from Moscow to Paris to put down in Prague last October long enough for authorities to remove a Czech-born American citizen, Vladimir Kazan-Komarek, from the plane and imprison him for a crime allegedly committed in 1948, at the time of the Communist coup. It may be unimportant to Prague, but it is of supreme importance to Mr. Kazan-Komarek and, happily, in this instance, to the government of Kazan-Komarek's adopted land.

● The existence of a giant concentration and slave

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labor camp has been revealed by Cuban refugee Juan Antonio Ortega, who arrived in Miami recently. Three camps and a main prison staffed by 1,200 security policemen are maintained on the off-limits Isle of Pines south of Havana where, reported Ortega, 10,000 political prisoners are worked at hard labor to support the economy of the island (civilian pop. 9,000). Ortega, sentenced to twenty years for "counter-revolutionary activities," made his harrowing 21-day escape with one companion, over land and sea. The men are the first to have broken out of Castro's prison alive.

● Mme. Indira Gandhi, refusing U.S. wheat if tied to certain conditions, said last week, "We'd rather starve than sell our national honor." There was a choice?

● An interesting tactic of the "Crush Rhodesia" movement seems to have gone largely unnoticed: the cancelation of projects and programs designed to benefit that country's black population. According to Rhodesia's Secretary of Health, Dr. Mark Webster, the World Health Organization has in the past year stopped sending workers for an exercise in malaria eradication which Rhodesia had joined; ended participation in a program to fight malnutrition among natives; even failed to provide the government with routine notification of possible dangers to expectant mothers who take certain antihistamine drugs.

● There has been a disturbing increase in the number of runaway girls, according to Missing Persons. Almost all are between twelve and eighteen, and the tendency is to light out for Greenwich Village or its equivalents. Why? School, mother, father, money, adventure, sex sometimes, and, adds the Bureau, "social permissiveness." Witness: Joan Lee Augenblyck, fifteen years, blonde, 5'3", 135 lbs., from South Orange, N.J. Member: Congress of Racial Equality, Students for a Democratic Society; plays the guitar. Last seen September 18, 1966, New York City. Information furnished (November 25) by *New Left Notes,* publication of SDS. Finder please contact SDS.

● Stokely Carmichael, head of SNCC, spoke on January 18 at the Central Methodist Church in downtown Detroit. The *New York Times* reports Mr. Carmichael as denouncing "alliances with white liberals . . . He praised Negro violence and called for a black party outside the Democratic Party. Denouncing coalitions of Negroes with white liberal and labor groups as 'total garbage' Mr. Carmichael ridiculed 'talk of morality, love, hand holding, singing songs.' He addressed. . . [the] conference on 'Racism and White America.'"

● It was Howard Squadron, president of the New York chapter of the United Nations Association, who said it on WOR's Barry Farber Show, discussing the demand of the Afro-Asian nations that the UN use force in southern Africa: "The desire of the Afro-Asian nations, if economic sanctions fail, to employ force against Rhodesia and against South Africa is a desire only. You know and I know that in the real world the only time force will be used is when the great powers have a confrontation." Rather different from the UNreal world, as you know and I know, and Mr. Squadron has evidently learned.

● Advocates of filthy speech can sate themselves in Washington at the National Zoo, where two mynah birds who are suspected of possessing a blue vocabulary have been exiled to a basement cage. Talk about suppression of free speech! This is the real macaw.

● Pres. Froh and Dean LeFevre of the proto-anarchist Rampart College would like to know if they should start up a weekly or biweekly magazine or newsletter to correct such abuses of the press as the total failure, last October, of everyone in journalism to identify a meeting of the Philadelphia Society as a sort of "Warmongers, Unlimited." Indeed they should; and they should make their circulation figures public.

● NATIONAL REVIEW takes pleasure in announcing that its Annual Ad Hoc Committee Award goes to the (so help us): Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ's Ad Hoc Committee to Support U Thant in Deeds of De-Escalation. Wouldn't yours?

The Economy, 1967

Forecasting the finer jiggles in the unemployment curve or the rate of new housing starts is not only dull but useless. There are, however, a few major trends that can be plotted fairly clearly into the future, and are interesting and useful to some extent.

The clearest of all is the continuation of the imbalance of U.S. international payments. The war will put a heavier burden on our payments than before. Our straight commercial surplus has dwindled precipitously, down 50 per cent in five years. Such one-shot steps as a voluntary curtailment of foreign investments are largely used up by now. Go ahead and plan on a continued deficit, further gold losses, and increasing talk about raising the price of gold. (Some analysts already predict a devaluation of the pound sterling in 1967.)

It is equally clear that the U.S. is close to the

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ On eight different occasions during the first few days of Congress, there were clear-cut Republican - Democrat and conservative - liberal clashes. On seven of these occasions, the Republicans and conservatives were the victors, indicating what may be ahead for the Administration in the 90th Congress.

◆ 1) Victory no. 1 came when the House voted to deny Rep. Adam Clayton Powell his seat pending an investigation of charges against him. This was the GOP plan, as opposed to the Democratic proposal that Powell be seated and investigated later. The Democratic plan was defeated 305 to 126 with not a single GOP defection, and the final vote to oust Powell passed 364 to sixty four.

◆ 2) At the beginning of the last Congress, liberal Republicans provided the winning margin as the Administration pushed through the 21-day rule, which reduced the power of the House Rules Committee to sidetrack welfarist legislation. This year the 21-day rule was repealed by a vote of 232 to 185. In the two years of its existence, it had been invoked eight times to push through Great Society measures.

◆ 3) Also repulsed: a drive led by the far-Left Democratic Study Group to add the majority and minority leaders to the Rules Committee, with the majority leader as Committee chairman in place of conservative Rep. William Colmer of Mississippi. Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford opposed the idea, it was defeated, and Rep. Colmer assumed the chairmanship. The Rules Committee nevertheless will be a liberal oasis in the new Congress, since the two Democratic vacancies on it were filled by liberal Reps. Spark M. Matsunaga (D., Hawaii) and William R. Anderson (D., Tenn.), giving the Administration a firm 9-6 margin on controversial legislation.

◆ 4) Conservative strength will be centered in the all-important Appropriations Committee. Republicans have gained five seats on it, with the party ratio now thirty Democrats to 21 Republicans. Since seven of the Democrats are conservatives, and two more vote occasionally with the Republicans, there should be a safe margin for conservatives on domestic spending issues.

◆ 5) Republicans also made gains on the Ways and Means Committee. The new party ratio is 15-10, compared to 17-8 in the last Congress. Two of the Committee's Democrats frequently vote against the Administration, offering the possibility of a 12-12 conservative-liberal tie among the members, with Committee chairman Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) providing the swing vote. The one liberal victory during the first days of Congress came when, in a secret ballot in a Democratic caucus, liberal Rep. Jacob Gilbert of New York beat conservative Rep. Omar Burleson of Texas for the single Democratic vacancy on the Committee. The vote was surprisingly close—115 to 113, with eighteen absentees. Burleson could have won had there been better Southern attendance at the caucus. Ironically, several Alabama Democrats were late returning from Gov. Lurleen Wallace's inauguration festivities.

◆ 6) Liberal Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, who has made a career of attacking the Senate Establishment, decided he needed membership in it in order to be re-elected next year. But he lost out in a bid for the post of Secretary of the Democratic Conference (the No. 3 leadership position among Senate Democrats). The winner: Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia. Byrd, usually described as "conservative" by the press, is actually a liberal who opposes civil rights legislation. (He was, in early days, an organizer for the Ku Klux Klan.) However you describe him, his victory was a severe jolt to Senate liberals.

◆ 7) The popular George Murphy of California beat out Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania for the chairmanship of the Senate GOP Campaign Committee, thus following Barry Goldwater in the post that brought him to national attention. Murphy's main task will be to speak at fund raising dinners for the party and its candidates. Scott, whose recent frictions with the Young Republicans put him at a serious disadvantage in the competition, withdrew rather than face defeat.

◆ 8) The last of the opening clashes came in the heated fight over the Senate's Rule 22, which requires a two-thirds vote to cut off "extended debate" (filibusters). After extensive parliamentary maneuvering, with liberals battling Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Minority Leader Dirksen, the senators voted 61 to 37 to keep Rule 22 intact. And with their procedural wrangles out of the way, the Senate and House began to tackle the mass of legislation facing the 90th Congress. **—CATO**

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emergency level with its silver reserves. There are signs that the publicity campaign has already begun which is intended to prepare us for the repudiation of the outstanding silver certificates. In the last two years the silver reserves of the Treasury have declined from 1.2 billion ounces to 600 million ounces. It is entirely possible that the Treasury will be forced to stop squandering silver on the market in an effort to suppress the price, and that the price of silver will begin to rise before 1967 is out. Speculative opportunities abound in this situation. It is worth noting that a repudiation of the silver certificates would involve a serious shock to international confidence in the gold reserves backing the dollar.

The monetary underpinnings of the U.S. economy have been shaky for a long time, and the year 1967 should offer little by way of shoring them up. It is true that a great deal of genuine fun and games can be financed through short-term credits of pseudo-

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money, but always at the end the monetary Mephistopheles arrives to claim his due.

It will be, like 1966, a year when caution pays, and when the first task of corporate and investment managers must be to prepare the storm shelters.

The Angelic Vision of the Warren Court

By the usual 5-4 vote (Justices Black, Brennan, Douglas, Fortas and Warren *v.* Justices Clark, Harlan, Stewart and White) the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional, as of January 23, various provisions of New York laws designed to keep subversives off the staffs and faculties of public schools and state colleges. Among the invalidated provisions of the laws were those naming treasonable or seditious utterance or advocacy of the overthrow of the government by violence to be cause for dismissal, requiring signed statements by teachers saying they are not members of the Communist Party and naming membership in the Communist Party as sufficient cause for firing teachers and other state employees.

There was nothing surprising in this opinion or in the Court lineup which affirmed it. This is one more in a consistent pattern of decisions, based in general on interpretations of the First Amendment, that the Court has been handing down for a decade.

Let us turn aside from the particular reasoning in this case, and even grant that these particular New York laws may have been, as the Warren majority declares, sufficiently vague to be struck down for that reason alone. Let us rather ask what lies back of this entire patterned series, what conception of society and the citizen within society. Oddly enough for a tribunal which is regarded, and seems to regard itself, as the voice of advanced progressive thought, the conception is old-fashioned, a kind of Newtonian version of the philosophy of John Stuart Mill. The citizens function only as isolated atoms in external relationships with one another. No objective claim of discipline or responsibility is recognized. Each citizen may believe and say whatever he thinks or feels about anything—war, revolution, perversion, crime, God, morality—and may associate himself freely with others who believe and say as he does. He may advocate Communism, sodomy, anarchy, fascism or slavery; he not only can exempt himself, by pleading a personal belief, from all obligations to defend his society but can urge others to join in his refusal and to take steps to make the defense impossible. He may write, publish, read, and distribute to whomever he wishes, any sort of pornography. An extension of the meaning of free speech and assembly far beyond anything ever dreamed of in past generations either in this or in any other country is accorded a virtually absolute priority over all other rights and all duties. Society is to be held together, it must be presumed, by the free and utterly unfettered choice of each individual, without any coercion, pressure or reminder from any law, from government or from any objective social source.

Padry—Aux Ecoutes

There is something breathtaking in this vision that is implicit in the Court's First Amendment series. Its prescriptions would be ideal for a society of angels, but in our vale of shadows Justice Clark, in his dissenting comment, seems convincing when he observes: "The majority has by its broadside swept away one of our most precious rights, namely, the right of self-preservation."

The Crime Commission Report

For some reason or other, it is being assumed that the "conservative" position on crime prevention calls for a thoughtless penology. President Johnson's Crime Commission has been delayed in issuing its report because of a last-minute flap over the question of eavesdropping (the Commission wanted to authorize eavesdropping under strict control, but LBJ has come out flatly against it except to track down plots to assassinate the President). But enough people have seen the report so that we tend to know its gist, and the word is out that it will greatly offend conservatives, that it is, in the headline of the *Wall Street Journal,* a "Boost for the Great Society."

The "boost" for the Great Society is meant to be twofold. The Commission is going to come out foursquare in favor of the Poverty Program, and that certainly is a boost for Lyndon Johnson. But in fact the Commission is not likely to go further than to attack poverty even as Lyndon Johnson repeatedly does. "Poverty," he said recently, "there is the real

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Centennial Beatnik Note

Study in this country is thought to be fruitless and all efforts in learning wasted unless one has a degree from the university. Without the resonance of a degree ringing around one's name, one goes quite unheard of and looked down upon. Indeed, so long as he is still a student, particularly in medicine and law, he is held in contempt, especially as these students are notorious for neglecting their studies and giving themselves over to misbehavior of every description. Lust and many another sin occupy their time, and insolence and indolence and insubordination are scarcely less demanding of their attention. The day they spend in bed, but the midnight oil burns for them in houses of indulgence and corruption, where they drink in tribes and touch their glasses together without cease. Here you see them unbuttoned and shabbily clothed, their hats on the back of their heads, as if perpetually startled. From such conduct, needless to say, comes mischief, riot, and disobedience.

Many such students never enter the lecture halls, preferring to start an uprising to repeal a law or fire a professor. I witnessed one of the greatest of botanical scholars being badgered by these idle students.

As I entered his lecture room, I noticed that the attendance was twice its normal size; that is, there were many students I had never seen there before. No sooner had the professor entered, in formal apparel, than the students began to cry out at him, to whistle, to scream, and stamp their feet. Whenever he began to speak, they drowned him out with their clamor. Meanwhile, the President of the University came in to reason with them, begging them to listen to the lecture in peace. His entrance increased the tumult. The professor gave up and the class triumphantly dispersed.

For myself, I was struck dumb with astonishment. I felt like a man caught in a storm. I trembled with shock and incomprehension. The very building might have been about to fall on me, and such insolence left me with a feeling of giddy weightlessness. Was I in a student club or the lecture hall of a university, in a civilized school in Paris or in Gehenna among devils?

Upon asking for enlightenment, I was told that this particular professor was a strict examiner, and that the eruption I had witnessed was staged by students who rarely looked at a book; in short, he stood in the way of their getting a degree.

To look at these students discloses their essential slovenliness. Their trousers are so tight that one wonders why they do not split at every seam. Their jackets are so short that their buttocks are scarcely covered. Their hair is so long, dirty, and uncombed. Their hats are steep and have broken brims. The more battered the hat, the more advanced in fashion its wearer. Some hats are so fashionable as to be a veritable ruin, so that no knowledgeable person will miss the fact that a student is approaching.

—from Francis Fath-uh-Lah Marrash's *Rihlatu Paris* [A Paris Journey], Beirut, 1867. Translated by Issam Safady.

enemy. Strike down poverty and much of crime will fall with it." Which is perfectly true. It is also true that if you were to strike down politics, the crime rate would greatly fall—all the graft, the bribery, the chiseling, the fixing. It is also true that affluence and crime have risen hand in hand in this country, though not true that the one causes the other or, goodness knows, vice versa.

On the general question there is much speculation to be done. But on the concrete questions, also said to be distinctively liberal, the Commission strikes us as having done excellent work by no means uncongenial to conservatives in pointing out that prisons make poor reformatories. Because Senator Goldwater called in 1964 for strengthening the police and prosecuting the criminals, he hardly committed himself or the conservative community to unintelligent and vindictive treatment for criminals once apprehended. The Crime Commission Executive Director, James Vorenberg of the Harvard Law School, points out quite correctly that "prison is a lousy place to prepare a guy to live outside a prison," though he adds, again quite correctly, "it's a good place to keep a guy who might kill somebody."

The Crime Commission will recommend that convicts be separated on the basis of thorough research into their background, their intelligence and the nature of their offense, into two categories, the one presumptively reformable, the other less hopeful. The suggested changes will concern primarily the former category. Many have been considered. They include great experiments with probationary arrangements. Why not permit certain kinds of offenders to work in the community during the day, and return to jail at night (never mind the fun Hollywood will have with the concept). There should be "halfway houses" that "seek to reintroduce prisoners to society gradually" by allowing them to live and work in a community before they are officially released from custody. Is there any purpose in re-

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quiring bail from persons who are obviously in a position to furnish it, let alone requiring them to stay in the station house pending the materialization of bail?

The conservative is hardly opposed to the devising of means by which human beings can be rehabilitated. He has opposed, rather, the notion that society's debts to the criminal are requited by letting him alone to vent his resentments against innocent people. What has been wrong is that too many law-breakers get away with breaking the law, and go neither detained in prison, nor reformed in prison-reformatories. There have been too many judges and witnesses and prosecutors who, worn down by the law's delays, give up the hope of successful prosecution. There have been prison terms given, without effective probationary supervision, which have proved utterly inadequate and have resulted in fresh crimes. Whole areas of whole towns, such as Central Park in New York, for instance, are more or less formally ceded to criminals. The big crime syndicates are apparently untouched.

The Commission's report should make for good reading, for criminals and non-criminals alike—for liberals and conservatives.

Into Powell's Trap

On January 10 the Democratic House leadership moved to seat Adam Clayton Powell pending an inquiry into his qualifications. This motion lost, with 126 Democrats, mostly urban liberals, voting Aye, and all Republicans plus the rest of the Democrats voting No. A motion by Republican leader Gerald Ford to refuse to certify Powell prior to an investigation was then passed 364-64. The strictly factional lineup on the first vote—which was the significant division—showed that the House membership was motivated not by the judicial, constitutional or moral merits of the Powell case, but by political considerations.

If the question of seating Powell in Congress, or even of depriving him of his chairmanship, is essentially political, then Powell has, of course, the better case. Powell was elected by the overwhelming majority of his district. No matter how wrong and harmful his policies are, or how demagogic his methods or unsavory his morals, he is—from a purely political point of view—entitled to take his seat in Congress, and his constituents are entitled to have him there as their representative.

This is exactly the ground that Powell and his defenders seize on. They present the Powell issue as a political battle over racial prejudice, the rights of Harlem residents, and Powell's pro-labor record. On that basis they claim that the move to disqualify Powell is at bottom a reactionary and racist political maneuver, in substance an attempt at a political purge. With every indication that Congress is handling the issue politically, the Powell defense becomes more persuasive.

The issue properly before Congress at this point is simple enough. Either Powell belongs in jail, or he belongs in Congress with full rights and perquisites. Although Congress cannot itself put Powell in jail, it has the right and duty to judge whether Powell's conduct of his official duties has been illegal. (The courts so judged in the case of a predecessor House member and committee chairman, J. Parnell Thomas, a white man as it happened, and sent Thomas to jail.) And if the judicial branch has decided that Powell belongs in jail for conduct apart from official duties, then it is also proper for the investigating committee to conclude that Powell does not belong in Congress.

It would be naive to hope that the nine members of the special committee, as professional politicians, will lay politics altogether aside while considering the facts in the instant case. But if they are intelligent enough politicians, they will strive to render a judgment that is unmistakably consonant with the facts. A censure is not going to clear up this Powell affair—it is, at this point, an evasion. If Powell has done, in and out of Congress, what he is charged with doing, then he is a crook. If the charges are true he should be thrown out and prosecution instigated. If they are false, he has, on this count, been victimized, and deserves an apology. The committee, if it is to fulfill its mission, will have to decide which it is.

Rockefeller Awakes . . . Again

As Dracula, detecting in his bier
  The faint illumination of the moon,
Arises with a gustatory leer
  Intent upon a vein of *something,* soon;
Or, like a slumbering Dalmatian who
  Awakens when a hook-and-ladder clangs,
Unmindful that his days of derring-do
  Have vanished with his whiskers and his fangs;
Just so with Rockefeller! Honestly,
  You'd think he learned a bit in '64.
But when they talk about The Nominee,
  The guy is *dying* to declaim: "Fourscore . . ."
I'm bored by aging dogs who learn a trick.
Besides, in '68 my heart's with Dick.

W. H. von Dreele

Kennedy Stud Farm

The astute British journalist Henry Fairlie has raised a lively row with an article, featured in the *London Telegraph* and the *Washington Post,* alleging that

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the Kennedy family is turning Harvard into a stock farm to supply purebred professors for the Kennedy political herd. It seems that after the assassination a fund-collecting outfit called the "Kennedy Library Corporation" showed up on the Harvard campus with the announced aim of establishing a memorial to John F. Kennedy. Next, somehow, Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration got re-named "The John F. Kennedy School of Government." (No other constituent school at Harvard bears the name of an individual.) Then an "Institute of Politics" was created, and tied into the JFK School of Government. The Institute is evidently to wag the dog, since it will have a $10 million endowment as against $3.5 million for the School, all channeled from the Kennedy Library Corporation which channels them from the Ford Foundation and other memorializers. Finally, if you can follow this far, the Institute has a special Advisory Committee in which, by charter, a member of the Kennedy family must always sit, Jackie Kennedy being said member for the nonce.

Summed up Mr. Fairlie, after noting the cluster of Kennedyite intellectuals, journalists and ex-Washington advisers on the Institute staff: "The Kennedy Institute of Politics provides the most convenient opportunity for attracting under the name of the Kennedys men who are at present in the Johnson Administration, are hoping to be employed by, and who would be useful to, another Kennedy Administration. . . . By means which are entirely legal and discreet, the Kennedys have established, with funds collected in memory of John F. Kennedy, a recruiting college."

In a lengthy public letter, Don K. Price (Dean, John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University) protested Mr. Fairlie's analysis and some of his facts (Mr. F., for example, said the Ford Foundation gave $2.5 million, whereas it was a piddling $2 million). He attributed to Mr. Fairlie "a lack of understanding of American universities." If we understand Dean Price correctly, we are inclined to agree with what we take to be his main point: that it did not require any deliberate plan of expenditure on the Kennedy family's part to make Harvard's School of Government a hive of liberal and Kennedy-oriented intellectuals; this is just the way things are at Harvard.

"—and the best entry gets to do the one definitive portrait of President Johnson for the White House."

Grimond to Thorpe

Jo Grimond's resignation as leader of Britain's Liberal Party may have significant repercussions on British politics and accelerate a trend that has been visible for six months. As a leader Grimond reminds an American very much of Adlai Stevenson: he has his own group of devoted, not to say adoring, followers; he speaks well; and he gives the impression of total impracticality. Though he has spoken for many years of a "reordering" of British politics, with the Liberals coming out on top, no clear evidence of the reordering has heretofore been visible. Grimond's charisma has helped the Liberal Party build up its strength in the House of Commons, and the party will be hard put to maintain its dozen seats without his leadership.

The resignation follows a decisive change in the ideological direction of the Liberal Party in the fall. The Young Liberals virtually gained control of the party conference and engineered a dramatic shift to the far Left. Many Liberal voters, in fact conservative and very much interested in regionalism, have begun to be dismayed at the new Liberal talk of bombing Rhodesia and turning factories over to workers' committees. Mr. Grimond, whose predominantly leftist position has always been mitigated by his conciliatory and fatherly image, probably did not mind the move. He has few talents for practical politics and will gladly leave the direction of the party to its noisy young left wing. Jeremy Thorpe, one of the advocates of bombing Rhodesia, has succeeded Mr. Grimond as leader. But the party's position in the next election may be severely jeopardized by its new ideological posture.

As the Liberals usurp the radical position formerly held by the left wing of the Labor Party, the large number of Liberal voters (of whom there are many more than the parliamentary representation would indicate) may well look to the Conservative Party. If the Liberals indeed become a splinter party of the far Left, they will have brought about something of a reordering of British politics. The reordering, however, will not be the sort that Mr. Grimond has hazily spoken of for so many years. And conservatives will have little cause to lament.

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On the Right

Who Are the New Pro-Communists?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Only a few years ago one could hope to identify the pro-Communists by such simple measurements as the number of officially classified Communist-front organizations they belonged to, or better still by observing them before a congressional committee pleading the Fifth Amendment to the question: "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" In the former case it has been possible for the rational man to reason: Look, if John Jones takes sides time and time again with organizations the single common denominator of whose programs is to back the Communists against the U.S.—well, said reasonable man can infer from such activity pro-Communist ideological inclinations. Then of course the others—the Fifth Amendment types—are even easier to spot. They refused to answer the question on the grounds that they knew that someone, in most cases a planted FBI agent, knew them to be enrolled members of the Communist Party and they dared not risk a perjury rap.

Buckley

The New Front Man

Subtle changes are taking place. Sure, there are still Communist fronts, e.g., the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, which seduced *naifs* like James Baldwin and Norman Mailer into membership. But the new pro-Communist is not nowadays necessarily a Communist-front joiner. He is too cool for that kind of thing, though he does not disdain occasionally identifying himself with apparently pro-Communist organizations. The new pro-Communist is less what he is because he is a conscious Marxist—the kind of man Alger Hiss was, who sought to serve the Communist Party by performing explicit assignments in its behalf. He is rather an attitudinal pro-Communist, moved less by Marxist convictions than by a positive animosity towards the West. The hatred of the West and its ways is stronger, in his case, than his older brother's positive faith in the Communist vision.

Begin by exclusions. Professors Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Hans Morgenthau are by now outspoken critics of the Vietnamese war. Are they for that reason pro-Communist? Clearly not. Columnist Joseph Alsop insists that their opposition to the war is based on a near-vulgar ignorance of the Asian situation. That, in fact, is only a partial explanation—they oppose the war on account of complicated attachments, some of them political, some of them theoretical. And this much at least can safely be said about Messrs. Schlesinger and Morgenthau, that no matter how adamantly they insist, as one of their reasons for opposing the war, that it is plainly unprofitable and unwinnable; no matter the resultant blow to their intellectual pride, they would be pleased and happy if in fact the war turned out to be successful for the West, in the sense, say, that the Korean War turned out to be successful. The critic Richard Rovere—to take a kindred example—railed against President Eisenhower's resolution in defending Quemoy and Matsu, but when Eisenhower's policy succeeded, he had the grace to rejoice in its having done so, and to meditate publicly on his own panicky misreckoning.

But then there are the others. You probably know at least one. The man whose attachment to the proposition that we are wrong for fighting in Vietnam has translated it into a desire to see his views confirmed by the maximum shedding of American blood. The man who, having said we cannot win in Vietnam, rejoices at any evidence that we are losing in Vietnam. He might be an isolated type whose commitment is only as regards Vietnam. But there are the others whose attachments do not stop at Vietnam. I have someone in mind.

He is someone whose hostility to the West is not limited to its role in Vietnam. It is a total hostility, manifest in his attitudes everywhere. To him the issue of the morning newspaper would be absolutely ideal which carried the news of the total breakdown of the Western position. Such a paper would bring the news to his breakfast table that 100 American planes had been shot down over North Vietnam the day before; that the North Koreans had renewed their aggressions into South Korea; that the Communists had scored enormous gains in the Indian elections; that Juan Bosch and Jõao Goulart had counter-revolutionized their way into power in the Dominican Republic and Brazil; that the OAS had decided to rescind its boycott against Cuba; that the Communist vote in West Germany had trebled; that the Lumumbaists had recaptured control of Central Africa; that Rusk was booed in India and Ho Chi Minh cheered there; that Alger Hiss was exonerated and J. Edgar Hoover indicted for perjury; that Bertrand Russell's war crimes tribunal had captured the sympathetic attention of the West; that the Pope had announced that modern research proves that Christ was a mythological allegory; that T. S. Eliot's last will and testament disclosed that his defense of Christianity was an elaborate literary hoax.

Communism Would Chafe

The man I have in mind would be supremely happy on that eventful morning. He is pro-Communist in effect. No doubt if he should have to end up living within the constrictions of the Communist system he would chafe, lacking as he is in any self-abnegating faith in the Communist ideal. But meanwhile he would be a happy man, happy that external events are bringing down the curtain on the old bourgeois, Judeo-Christian world. He is the new effective pro-Communist. But he is difficult to fingerprint.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The View from Outside

A month's visit in sub-Saharan Africa will hardly qualify one as an expert, though it can perhaps confirm or refute some of the notions one has picked up from reading and listening. Before my trip there in November and December my opinions about Africa were unclear, and by the time I left I am afraid many of them were more unclear than ever. Of one point, though, I am pretty well convinced: that outsiders should be exceedingly modest in pronouncing judgment on Africa's domestic affairs.

Burnham

Flying over the vast deserts and driving through the endless veldt or bush, Africa—as I suppose the Arctic or Antarctic, where I have not been, would do—gave me the impression of operating according to geological rather than historical time. Historical man is destined to master his material environment; and where he is, the earth bends to his will, and proclaims his presence. Deserts, plains and forests are shaped into plowed fields, railroad lines, water works, roads, airports, orchards and cities; the restless seafront is tamed into harbors. But pre-historical man submits to the earth, and is himself scarcely distinguishable from the natural environment. Like the grass and birds, trees, animals, hills and rocks, he is merely *there,* part of the landscape. So it has been and for most of the continent still continues to be in Africa. A short distance from the intermittent towns the earth-colored, foundation-less native huts, the straggly patches of maize and banana trees, the few scrawny goats and cows, the native Africans themselves are swallowed up by the landscape. Three minutes after we lifted at midnight from the Nairobi airport for the flight north, though the night was clear there was only darkness below—unbroken for hundreds of miles. On a clear night's flight over Europe or North America, even over mountains or desert, there is almost never total darkness below; man, historical man, is always there.

The Mark of Man

The marks of historical man are to be seen in Africa, of course, and these are, naturally, what most outsiders mostly see. But they are only scattered dots on the huge blank surface. They have been blazed by the men from Europe and their resident descendants, together with the black Africans who have become in one or another measure Europeanized. How incredibly small that band is in all that space!—six or seven million, perhaps, more than half of them in South Africa.

Africa covers a fifth of the earth's land surface. According to the UN's Economic Commission for Africa, its gross product, excluding South Africa, is less than that of Belgium and Holland. Most of that total represents merely the inhabitants trying to feed themselves, and of the small remainder the larger part is accounted for by the Mediterranean strip. The entire great region between the Sahara and the Limpopo—look at Africa on your globe, not through the distortion of a Mercator projection—produces, apart from below-subsistence foodstuffs, less than one of our smaller states.

Nor does this complete the summary of the inertial mass resisting history's push. Though potential material resources are richly present in some areas of Africa, much of it is desert or near-desert, much of the rest possessed of a fearful, anti-human climate. Diseases fatal or debilitating to man and domestic animals are widespread and endemic. The native population, with the doubtful exception of a narrow urbanized crust, is divided and subdivided into literally thousands of tribes and sub-tribes. The Oxford accents at the UN obscure what is still the background reality. An African newly arrived in the Transvaal for work in the gold mines must spend the first weeks being taught what, for example, shoes are, and how they are put on the human foot.

Now more than before it seems to me an astonishing, almost incredible achievement that anyone can hold together a sector of the African land and people and keep it somehow afloat as a more or less going enterprise. The men, black and white, who are managing that feat of social acrobatics rate, if not always honor, at least occasional applause from the sidelines, I think, and a modest hesitancy, as I began by suggesting, about telling them what's wrong with their act and how we can show them the way to do it much better.

Africa's Business and Ours

Translated into governmental policy, this attitude would mean a considerably stricter non-intervention in Africa for the supposed sake of either doing good or correcting evil. The evils are there all right, in both black and white men's nations, but I don't think our interference is going to do much to overcome them. As for the good we insist on bringing, it does not always seem so clearly a good to the recipients. Besides, the actual results of what we do are seldom what we have intended.

It is the duty of our government, certainly, to safeguard our own nation's security so far as this is affected by what Africa does or fails to do. We can be reasonably sure that active trade relations will be beneficial for us and them. Some sort of extra help is in order from government and private philanthropy in some very obvious matters—agricultural improvement, transport, technical training—but not too much; too much can so easily backlash. They have got to solve their own internal problems, including both one-man one-vote and no-man any-vote; rather, either they will solve the problems or the problems won't be solved. The kindest and wisest thing we can do is to give them a chance.

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Letter from India

Me-Tooism—Here, Too

PRAKASH C. JAIN

New Delhi. India's 240 million adults —most of them illiterates—go to the polls February 15-21 for the fourth time since independence, to elect 521 deputies to the federal House of the People, as well as 3,563 representatives to the seventeen state assemblies.

The major question is whether they will, as they did in 1952, 1957 and 1962, re-elect the leadership that has made a mess of India's economy or bring in a set of leaders able and willing to move the country's economy out of its present doldrums, to make it less dependent on foreign aid (American and other), to curb the present trend toward a breakdown of law and order, and to give it a coherent foreign policy.

Heretofore the people of India have voted against change despite the manifest failures of their government. It was Nehru's unwise economic planning that touched off a spiral of rising prices, starting in 1954, that led to the devaluation of the rupee in 1966. India's agriculture now falls short, by twelve million tons annually, of taking care of her food needs. Her stubborn reliance on non-alignment as the keystone of her foreign policy has not prevented Red China from annexing Tibet, invading India and seizing 1,400 square miles of Indian territory.

To understand what may happen this time around it is necessary to analyze what it was that caused the Indian people to return Nehru and his Congress Party to office time and again despite their solid record of failure. The explanation lies first in forty years of sustained leftist propaganda, in the leftist capture of the universities, the newspapers and the other communications media. Second, liberal doses of foreign aid from both Washington and Moscow have helped cushion the economy and disguise what is really happening. Third, the generous passing out of plums and privileges to people of importance. The businessman may be heavily taxed but the complicated system of industrial licenses and permits under which he operates also tends to discourage competition and enables even the most inefficient existing firm to survive and flourish. The top bureaucrats like it because they are in a position to benefit from widespread graft. Politicians like it because it concentrates power in their hands. The masses, who don't understand what is happening and why they are no better off despite the promises of their leaders, take out their frustrations by occasionally burning a streetcar or stoning a police station.

More of the Same

Given this background, it is easy to understand why the best the major opposition parties are offering India is what India has already had too much of—state planning. What they say, in effect, is that the policies and programs of the Congress Party are good; but the Congress leadership has failed, that they can do the job better. For instance, the Jan Congress, a new party composed of dropouts from the ruling Congress Party, promises the people: "We will attain food self-sufficiency within five years by establishing a chain of cooperative farms, state farms and farms run by joint stock companies." The Samyukta Socialist Party, whose leader, Dr. Rammanchar Lohio, is a staunch anti-Communist, is plugging for what it calls "socialism in the streets" by which it means that the bulk of the land in Delhi, which has been "appropriated by the upper classes," should be taken over by the people by force and that parliament could later straighten out the legal details. The Hindu Mahasabha party is characterized as ultra-conservative, but it promises "nationalization of all key industries including coal and steel, the means of transportation and communications, and other industries dealing with war materials and defense weapons." These parties all support the proposition that the Communist nations are more progressive than the nations of the West. They are apathetic toward any collective defensive alliance in Southeast Asia. They refuse to learn from the lesson of Korea, Malaya, Tibet, Vietnam and Thailand. They have no proposal for effective counteraction against Red China's nuclear threat. They think Red China should get into the United Nations. They agree with the Congress Party that the United States is wrong on Vietnam.

The one happy exception to this picture is the Swatantra Party, which would like to see India lined up with the Western democracies. It would like to scrap state planning and move toward a freer economy. But Swatantra has failed to put out the promotional effort to develop the cadres which will, in turn, give it a mass base.

What is the outlook for the Congress Party and its new leader, Mrs. Indira Gandhi? It is going to suffer, no question about it. Going against it are a) the absence of Nehru's charismatic presence, b) twenty years of vague discontent with the party, c) disaffection among the Hindus at the government's refusal to ban the slaughter of cows, d) unhappiness over the recent devaluation of the rupee, and e) the country's declining importance as a leader of the Third World.

All this will cut into its vote. Some predict that the Congress Party may find its majority reduced from its present 73 per cent to 50 per cent or less in the House of the People. This would still enable it to rule either alone or in combination with the Jan Congress, or perhaps even the Moscow wing of the Communist Party.

But in the states the Congress Party is in for trouble. Some political forecasters have raised the specter of a dismembered India if opposition parties, or coalitions, win control in too many of the individual states. But most believe the highly centralized federal system will survive, particularly since the federal authorities hold the purse strings. In addition, in emergencies the central government is authorized to suspend state governments and take over the state administration, as it did a couple of

(Continued on p. 159)

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Can Castro Start a New Vietnam?

He's trying to. And he may pull it off if the State Department doesn't wake up to what's going on. The time to stop it, says Mr. Bethel, is now

PAUL D. BETHEL

Bureaucracy often has about it a frozen character that renders it unresponsive to change and incapable of meeting new challenges. Nowhere is this more evident than in the State Department's attitude toward Cuba and the rest of Latin America. When a Washington reporter asks about U.S. policy in this area, he is given a speech delivered back in April 1964 by then Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, a speech dusted off and issued in pamphlet form. Ball's discourse, done up in a bright red, 22-page package, *U.S. Policy Toward Cuba,* does not of course deal with developments in Cuba and the balance of Latin America over the past two-and-one-half years, nor has any attempt been made to update it. Yet, it stands as the definitive word on U.S. policy.

The existence of a Soviet base in Cuba is not, in the judgment of the State Department, a military threat to the United States. More surprising still, the State Department insists that Cuba is not a direct military threat to the other countries of Latin America. As the Ball pamphlet states: "Cuba does not possess air- and sea-lift sufficient to permit it to take offensive action against its neighbors." In almost ho-hum fashion, the paper adds: "In any event, we maintain overwhelming military forces in the area to prevent Cuba from attacking other American Republics."

Other passages in the pamphlet reveal the philosophy behind U.S. policy toward Cuba and Latin America. Admitting that Cuba does present a problem of subversion, the pamphlet reads: "Vulnerability is greatest where social injustice is widely prevalent, where anachronistic societies remain dominated by small elites—tight little oligarchies that control the bulk of the productive wealth." The enemy, to the State Department, it would seem, is not a predatory Cuba, but Latin American governments which fail to provide for their own people.

The social worker mentality now directing our policies in Latin America is further revealed by other passages in the State Department document: "In the long run, Latin America will be rendered immune to Communist infection only by an amelioration of conditions—political, economic, and social, in which subversion flourishes . . . until such a transformation is accomplished, Latin America will remain a fertile seedbed for Communist subversion."

The shocking truth is that U.S. policy is based on a proposition that is not believed by sophisticated Marxists anywhere in the world—namely that poor economic conditions are a precondition to Communist advances. One would have thought that this idea had been laid to rest when, on July 26th, 1966, no less an authority than Fidel Castro, in recalling Cuba's excellent economic conditions at the time he came to power, said: "Well, if this concept [poor economic conditions] had been applied to this nation, a revolution never would have taken place. Never!"

Tricontinental Subversion

However that may be, there is not much question that Russian-Cuban subversion is proceeding at a jet-propelled pace. The Tricontinental Conference, held in Havana last January under Russian sponsorship, brought together some 600 Communist delegates and observers from 82 countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. When the delegates decamped after two solid weeks of propaganda and planning, they left in their wake an efficient organization to expand Vietnam-type wars into a global war of subversion.

Of the several organizations to come out of the Tricontinental Conference, the most vigorous is the Latin American Solidarity Organization (LASO). This is not surprising, since Fidel Castro and his Russian masters have been at the business of subverting Latin America for years. Thus, when the Communist delegates convened in Havana last January, Cuba was able to show them a well-developed apparatus of subversion, backed by 43 guerrilla training camps, already active and successful. That apparatus has since been refined and fashioned into a deadly instrument by which terrorism and subversion have advanced in this hemisphere at a terrifying rate.

One of the latest additions to LASO is the Latin American Continental Students Organization (OCLAE). To date the Cubans have been able to corral student groups in seven Latin America countries—the Federation of University Centers in Venezuela, the Dominican Students Federation, the General Association of Students of Guadalupe, the Panamanian Students Federation, the Pro-Independence Student Federation of Puerto Rico, the University Students Federation of Uruguay, and the National University Federation of Colombia. All receive money, arms, and direction through LASO in Havana. Cuba also trains student militants at its Revolutionary Education School in San Francisco de Paula, near Havana.

The role of the OCLAE was outlined in Havana last July. There, Cuban Minister of Education José Llanusa told his Communist charges that Latin American students would be in the vanguard of the revolution, adding that they would "smash the showrooms of Latin America and put revolutionary governments in power." Success in Latin America most assuredly will be followed by similar student uprisings in Asia and Africa, and even in the United States.

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Today LASO, and its student arm, OCLAE, is so effective as to constitute the most potent weapon in the Communist arsenal. It has rocked governments from Buenos Aires to Bogotá through blackmail, agitation and assault. The Dominican Students Federation demonstrated its power by forcing the expulsion of 150 professors, taking control of the faculty, and turning the University of Santo Domingo into an armed Communist camp. Relatively quiet since Joaquin Balaguer swamped Juan Bosch in the elections for President last June 1, the Dominican Republic is again threatened by civil war. President Balaguer said on December 6 that Communist propaganda is pouring into the country, "some from Russia and other countries behind the Iron Curtain." He added that "Communists and extreme leftists have been visiting the 'constitutionalists' [those who headed the revolt in April 1965], asking them to take over their old posts in the city" for a renewal of urban violence to force Balaguer out of office. The tense situation is further exacerbated by broadcasts from Havana urging the Communists and "constitutionalists" again to join forces and "defeat the servants of imperialism."

In Colombia, urban terrorism and guerrilla assaults in the rural areas have forced President Carlos Lleras Restrepo to make three impassioned addresses to the nation since taking office in August. Pointing out that terrorism is "planned precisely to cause trouble and maintain an atmosphere of uneasiness throughout the country," President Lleras revealed that "the stepping up of guerrilla warfare is called for openly through the microphones of Castroite radio stations." Referring to Cuba and indirectly addressing himself to Washington, he said: "It is a fact that a foreign country is intervening in Colombia's internal affairs, touching off guerrilla wars." He added: "Agitators are promoting student strikes—professional agitators—turning those strikes into pretexts and tools of violence . . . they attempt to pass off kidnapings, the stoning of shops, the burning of cars, as mere innocent acts of students which they claim cannot be classified as crimes." They *are* crimes, in the opinion of the President of Colombia, and he sketched their dimensions: "During the first two days of the Antioquia University strike, the damage amounted to 500,000 pesos."

Last October, President Lleras and John D. Rockefeller were set upon by trained student agitators as they entered the University of Bogotá to inaugurate the Veterinary Science Laboratory. (Much of the funds which made the construction of the laboratory possible came from the Rockefeller Foundation.) Other acts of violence involving student militants caused Colombia's President to cry out to the nation: "Are we to permit rebellion to be openly advocated; are we to permit troops to be killed in ambush?" He spoke of Communist assaults against interior towns and villages in these terms: "I visited a military hospital where fourteen dead and wounded peasants, serving their compulsory military service, were taken, following ambush. They were even younger than university students who, by reason of attending the university, are exempt from military service."

President Lleras reminded his listeners that the Communist terrorists can destroy faster than a free society can build. He said: "The country wants order, work, and progress, the constructive implementation of the national transformation programs . . . we need foreign investments . . . but it is precisely because of this that extremists, directed from abroad, are bent on destruction." Cuban-exported terrorism has caused a precipitate flight of capital from Colombia, forcing the government to apply restrictions against the transfer of money out of the country.

In the very midst of President Lleras's denunciations of Cuban subversion, U.S. Ambassador to Colombia Reynold E. Carlson permitted himself a political observation which is quite in keeping with stated U.S. policy regarding Cuba. An interview published in the newspaper *El Espectador* quoted him as saying that present relations between Cuba and the United States "are now based on the interchange of weather reports on hurricanes." He added, however, that "those relations can improve. It is a matter of patience." The newspaper *El Siglo* quoted Ambassador Carlson on Cuba as follows: "To consider Cuba as 'a danger to democracy' is now 'slightly archaic.' The position of the two countries is now changing little by little."

Guatemala has raised warning flags over that guerrilla-infested country. When liberal Cesar Méndez Montenegro was installed as President last July, he immediately declared an amnesty for Guatemalan guerrillas. By November, however, he was forced to declare martial law for a thirty-day period and obliged to extend it another thirty days when the guerrillas struck at mountain villages and in Guatemala City in mounting waves of terrorism. The climate of "unrest and uneasiness" which the Colombian

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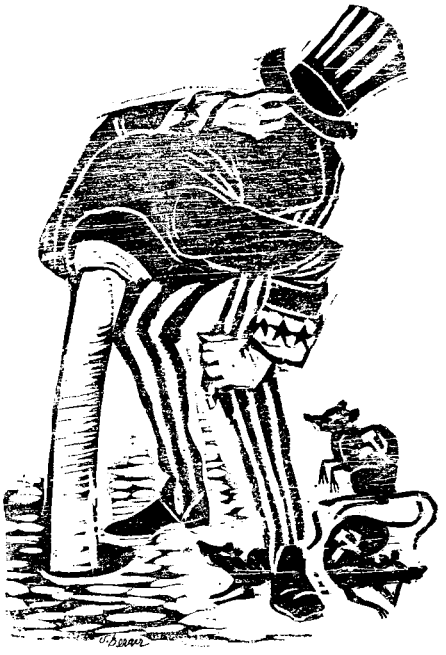
President says the guerrillas are trying to create in *his* country has already been achieved in Guatemala, according to Guatemala's Vice President. Vice President Clemente Marroquín wrote in his newspaper, *La Hora,* on November 2: "It looks as though Guatemala will be the next American nation to fall to Marxism. At the rate things are going," he continued, "everything points to this eventuality. . . . Day after day the Communists advance on two fronts: victorious armed attacks by the guerrillas, and greatly increased harangues by agitators. But over and above these two alarming facts there is even a more serious situation, and that is the panic which is taking hold of the people."

Vice President Marroquín wrote his article of warning as 21 clashes erupted between the police and army units and guerrilla bands. Student militants were involved in all but three. In the innocent guise of students, Communist youths have been particularly successful in gaining entrance to government offices and public buildings. A four-man group seized control of the *Nuevo Mundo* radio station in Guatemala City long enough to broadcast messages on behalf of the Castroite Armed Rebel Force (FAR), headed by guerrilla chieftain Cesar Montes. Marroquín wrote of such activities: "The guerrillas can act night or day without the slightest fear of persecution. . . . The fall of Guatemala could take place in a few hours or even minutes. Once the capital is in a state of panic, everything will inevitably deteriorate into a government composed of 'students, peasants, and laborers.' . . . We have the guerrillas under the same roof, in our own house, at the same table, and it is only necessary for them to say, Now! and chaos will ensue."

Another Central American country, Costa Rica, is clearly alarmed at the increasing threat to Latin America posed by a Russian-propelled Cuba, and is disposed to do something about it. Calling the Russian-sponsored Tricontinental Conference in Havana "an act of war against the democratic institutions, the traditions, and the security and liberty of our peoples," on November 1, the Costa Rican legislature unanimously passed a resolution which reads, in part: "*One*: To denounce the so-called First Tricontinental Conference as an act of war; *Two*: To express our total solidarity with the Cuban people in their revolutionary struggle against the Communist dictatorship and recognize their right, within the island and in exile to fight freely for the restoration of their self-determination and their democracy; *Three*: To communicate this resolution to the Honorable President of the Republic for the official action which in his opinion is needed to carry out points One and Two; *Four*: To call upon the legislatures of the Free World, and especially those in Latin America, to pass resolutions similar to this and to adopt means which will preserve and develop the democratic systems of government."

According to reliable sources in Costa Rica, the U.S. Embassy tried to stop the resolution from being passed. Having failed, those same sources state, the Embassy now is bringing pressures to bear against President José Joaquín Trejos to discourage him from responding to



the resolution—by, for example, providing military bases from which Cuban exiles could operate against Castro. Should Trejos resist U.S. pressures, these informants say, U.S. aid to that country would be drastically reduced.

Venezuela, one of the countries that has been attempting to modernize its military forces, has been under almost constant guerrilla assault from Cuba for a period of more than five years. Venezuelan guerrilla leaders Elias Manuit Camero, Alirio Chirinos, Alberto Pérez, and Gaspar Rojo, manage to travel to Havana and sneak back into Venezuela undetected with the ease of commuters. On November 5, Camero broadcast over Radio Havana what amounted to a declaration of guerrilla war against his own country. Three army patrols were ambushed in one night by guerrilla forces, and reports from the countryside told of momentary guerrilla control of eight interior towns and villages. One group of thirty guerrillas, dressed in the khaki uniforms and the green-and-red berets of the Castro-directed Armed Forces of National Liberation, seized the town of Sabana Grande, robbed its stores of food and clothing and made off safely. At Campo Alegre, guerrillas forced the owner of a large ranch to flee for his life to a nearby city. His flight followed a skirmish between army units and large guerrilla forces in which the latter, led *by Cuban officers,* bested the Venezuelan regulars. In a low-key announcement, Army headquarters in Caracas revealed that heavy fighting was in progress in many of the states. Army planes and helicopters were thrown into a major anti-guerrilla campaign in mountainous Lara State. Similar campaigns are being carried out in varying degrees of intensity, at enormous expense to the government, in the states of Falcón, Mérida, Trujillo, Portuguesa, Monagas, Anzoategui, and Barinas. The tactics now being used by the government—use of helicopters, bombing and strafing—are almost direct copies of those employed by the United States in Vietnam. This is so because the structure and tactics of the Latin American guerrilla forces trained in Cuba are copied from the Vietcong and indeed taught by Vietcong instructors who staff many of Cuba's guerrilla training camps.

Favorite targets of the Venezuelan guerrillas are pipelines through which Venezuelan oil flows to market, and American-owned factories and stores which contribute to Venezuela's high living standard. At the end of November, urban terrorists in Caracas turned that capital city into a shambles. Six attacks were launched within a period of 24 hours, leaving destruction in their wake. A

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Sears Roebuck store was hit by fire bombs that destroyed most of its merchandise, and burned through its three stories. A United States Commerce Department trade fair was machine-gunned, and a U.S.-owned supermarket suffered two attacks by terrorists within a week's time. An elementary school for American children was also machine-gunned by terrorists.

Venezuelan President Raúl Leoni and his ruling Democratic Action Party are under fire because of the worsening situation. The President and his cabinet ministers have consistently sought to play down the seriousness of Venezuela's internal disorders, it is thought, so as not to add to the already considerable flight of foreign capital out of Venezuela into Swiss and other foreign banks. However, Defense Minister General Ramon Florencio Gómez was candid enough to blame the fresh outbreak on an amnesty recently extended to 31 guerrilla gangsters by President Leoni. The amazing strength shown by urban and rural guerrilla bands has raised doubts about the civilian government's ability to deal with the Communists, and rumors of a military coup are making the rounds in Caracas.

Arsenal Uncovered

On December 13, Leoni was forced to declare a state of martial law. He made his decision as the result of the assassination of Army Major Francisco Astudillo Suárez and the wounding of General Roberto Morean Soto by Communist terrorists on the streets of Caracas. Believing that the Cuban-supported OCLAE was behind the assassination attempts, President Leoni sent troops into the University of Caracas where, on December 14, they uncovered an arsenal of weapons, including nineteen light machine guns, vast amounts of hand grenades, and an unspecified amount of small arms and ammunition. As a result of Cuban-exported terrorism, the administration of President Leoni has called on the Organization of American States to do something about the "subversive machinery installed in Cuba, well-financed by outside powers," and demanded "a sincere and honest examination of the policy followed by the OAS in the Cuban case. . . ." Venezuelan Interior Minister Reinaldo Leandro Mora was more specific. He said: "We have specific evidence that the acts of subversion spring directly from the Tricontinental Solidarity Conference held the beginning of this year in Havana."

Latin Reaction

Impatience among Latin American countries with our State Department has risen to unusual heights over the past year. They are unhappy over statements which purport to see nothing of consequence in the Havana-based Tricontinental organization other than those expressed in such phrases as, "It has had the positive results of awakening Latin America to the dangers of internal subversion." As one Latin American diplomat coldly observed: "We have been alert to the danger far beyond the State Department's willingness to cope with it."

What particularly alarms Latin American governments is the conscious and conspicuous Russian leadership in the subversion of the hemisphere assumed at the Tricontinental Conference. They are disturbed that the United States did not then challenge open Soviet military intrusion in Latin America.

Latin American apprehensions have found little echo in the United States press, and the American public has been left largely uninformed of the meaning of the Tricontinental organization in Havana and of the devastation it has been wreaking in Latin America over the past year. The liberal press in this country finds in the Havana Conference little of significance beyond the confident (and unrealized) predictions that it will merely widen the Sino-Soviet split in the quest for Communist leadership in Latin America. The fact is, however, that Red China and Russia are seated cheek-by-jowl on the Conference's central strategy and policy committee in Havana—the Committee of Assistance and Aid for Peoples Fighting for their Liberation.

Newspaper editorials in Latin America express a widespread belief that the United States is playing fast and loose with the security of Latin America in exchange for an ephemeral accommodation with Russia. There is considerably more to this belief than mere conjecture. The State Department has kept mum on the subject of Russian intervention, even in the face of the OAS study which bluntly states that "the action of Russo-Chinese Communism at Havana shows the imminence of one of the most serious dangers for the hemisphere." The Russian ambassador to Havana, Alexander Alekseyev, impudently asserted that the Russians would continue to support liberation movements. Soviet Russia, he said, believes in the "firm solidarity of all the revolutionary liberation forces of the world. . . ." In broadcasts in the Quechua dialect (the native tongue of millions of Indians in Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador), Radio Moscow continues to call for uprisings. Latin Americans are fully aware of the facts of the Russian intrusion into the hemisphere. For, in another Quechua Indian broadcast that preceded the Havana Tricontinental Conference, Radio Moscow boasted that 10,000 "students" from Asia, Africa, and Latin America were attending classes in revolutionary tactics at Moscow's Lumumba University. The broadcast said that the number of Latin Americans at Lumumba University is being greatly increased, since "the dawn of freedom in Latin America is now in its initial stages." Radio Moscow also said of those students that "they will fight alongside the peasants and humble people to ensure that their countries have genuine freedom."

U.S. Press Delinquent

Blasts recently issued in the United Nations by Ambassadors José Sette Camara of Brazil, Victor Andres Belaunde of Peru, and Evaristo Sourdis of Colombia, against Russia and members of the Soviet bloc for their aggressions in the Western Hemisphere, received little attention in the American press. Nor was there the open and vigorous support from the United States which these denunciations obviously merit. A bill of particulars submitted by Sourdis, and by Ambassador Hector Escobar Serrano of El Salvador, blistered Russian-Cuban subversion, named names, and called on the UN to do something about it. But their warnings also went largely unnoticed.

The frozen attitude of the Depart-

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ment of State, and the failure of the American press adequately to report on the alarming situation in Latin America, was dramatically brought to light recently. In November, Panama's Dr. Eduardo Ritter, unanimously elected chairman of the Council of the Organization of American States, inaugurated his one-year tenure with a speech in which he criticized the U.S. press and U.S. policymakers in unusually blunt language. He said that not only is the OAS the target of "the constant aggression of its enemies," but "of strong and dangerous aggression of silence by those who should be its best allies." Dr. Ritter continued: "The objectives of American action should be the cessation of the purges and forced labor in Cuba, the gagging and persecution, the abuse and insult." He blistered the U.S. press, saying that the activities of Latin American countries in seeking collective action against Russian-Cuban subversion "barely achieve an occasional line among the inconsequential news items."

Official Washington must share considerable blame for Dr. Ritter's charges against the American press. The State Department has done nothing to arouse press interest in the deteriorating situation in Latin America brought about by Russian-Cuban subversion. For example, when Dr. Ritter finished his blunt address, the U.S. Ambassador to the OAS, Sol Linowitz, rose and delivered his own maiden speech. Its most notable passages contained an echo of Senator Robert Kennedy's outburst against the sale of arms to Latin America. In what must rank as the most colossal irrelevancy in the history of the OAS, Linowitz complained about "unnecessary" military expenditures. The State Department, it would seem, is still riveted to its social worker course. That is why, it may be surmised, the State Department has remained silent on the subject of massive subversion of our neighbors while at the same time furiously denouncing the non-predatory governments of South Africa and Rhodesia for their racial policies.

The lines have been clearly drawn. Either we must take measures adequate to the task of eradicating the Soviet base in the Caribbean, or we must face another Vietnam in the towering Andes and the jungle heartland of Latin America, one that will make the present conflict in Asia seem insignificant by comparison. In an interview published in the January 5 issue of Castro's *Granma* newspaper, Nguyen Van Duc, head of the Vietcong mission in Havana, addressed the burgeoning "wars of national liberation" in these terms: "Within a short period of time, there will not be just one Vietnam, but many Vietnams, and the Yankees will not be able to handle so many attacks at the same time." The Ecuador newspaper, *El Universo,* scored the Cuban policy of the Johnson Administration as the consequence of an unworkable détente with Russia, saying: "While the Russians continue to seek agreements with the United States, they are not disposed to pay the price for these agreements."

It was left to Colombia's Ambassador to the UN to put the issue squarely. On December 8, Ambassador Sourdis told the UN: "If we do not arrive right now at a means to put a stop to undercutting our sovereignty and self-determination, in the near future the world will be faced with a devastating conflagration." Some indication of what Ambassador Sourdis is talking about is evident right now in Havana, where a preparatory committee of the Latin American Solidarity Organization is in session, preparing an agenda for the meeting of LASO in July. One purpose of the preparatory meeting, as outlined in Castro's newspaper, *Granma,* is to prepare for "common action against the ideological, political, and economic penetration of imperialism in Latin America"—a Communist program of systematic destruction. The other purpose is "to receive all information from delegates, make plans on the basis of the needs of each country, and make recommendations to the Central Committee"—in short, to study the successes and failures of last year's enormously eventful guerrilla campaigns and make adjustments which will make them even more potent in the future. Thus, when July 1967 arrives, hundreds of Communist delegates from Latin America will again make their way to Havana, under the very nose of the U.S., there to plot the next phase of the Vietnam wars in this hemisphere.

On September 13, 1962, the late President Kennedy stated: "If Cuba should ever attempt to export its aggressive purposes by force or the threat of force against any nation in this hemisphere, or become an offensive military base of significant capacity for the Soviet Union, then this country will do whatever must be done to protect its own security and that of its allies." There can be little question that that time has come. A new Communist International, headed by Russia and Red China, has been spawned right off the coast of Florida, and it is waging war against the United States. The global implications of this simple fact are enormous, and require considerably more than the words, only now being uttered by U.S. representatives to the United Nations, to deal with the threat. And why the United States backed the move in the OAS which placed the issue of Cuban subversion before the United Nations where, in any showdown in the Security Council it would be subject to the Russian veto, awaits a satisfactory explanation. The evidence suggests that the matter is much too serious to be resolved by our diplomats in Foggy Bottom. It should be placed in the hands of our very best military planners.

"I like art, but do not approve of vulgarity!"

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Accent the Negative

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

We have heard a great deal in recent weeks from the cabal of liberal Republicans about the responsibility of the Republican Party in the Congress to develop "a positive program," to stop being a "mere opposition." To judge by the first days of the new Congress, the Republican delegation would seem to be ignoring this gratuitous advice and beginning to re-forge a conservative alliance with like-minded Democrats, precisely to oppose the further extension of the liberal program. In doing so they are remembering the long-standing tradition of the Anglo-American political system—that the most valuable service the opposition can perform for the country is to oppose.

Meyer

This axiom of practical political wisdom, which is a bulwark of freedom and of a lively polity, is by its very nature anathema to the proponents of consensus and the homogenization of men. But quite apart from their inability to grasp the value of opposition as opposition, our liberals are, on even more fundamental grounds, deeply committed to the concept of "the positive" in politics, by which they mean, Democratic liberals and Republican liberals alike, the unlimited extension of governmental power and governmental supervision of our lives. In their opposition to this concentration of power, which is the paramount political evil of the twentieth century, conservatives—how often have we heard it!—are branded as "negative," and negativism is portrayed as the worst of sins.

It is time this question was faced head on: can the political stance of conservatives be positive in the sense that word has taken on these days? Liberalism finds in every social situation "problems" to be solved collectively by planned action, almost always government action. Conservatism rejects this "problem" approach to human affairs. It considers some of these situations natural manifestations of the human condition—not problems to be solved at all; others it recognizes as situations that can and should be improved, but only by time and the working of free human energies, individually or in voluntary association. Above all, it considers the outstanding social and political issue of our time to be the increasing provenance and power of government. Therefore, it regards further increase of that provenance and that power a greater evil than the specific evils against which the liberals call government into action.

Under the circumstances and in the intellectual atmosphere created by regnant liberalism, in which positive solutions to every conceivable problem are demanded, it is clear why this "negativity" is under constant attack. But if conservatives are to be true to the conservative vision, their program cannot be essentially negative, insofar as government action to remedy social situations is concerned. They will propose the limitation of government to free the powers and the imagination of the citizenry to go about remedying these situations in their several ways as they see best.

This position can, of course, be made to sound callous, hard-hearted, uncaring. But to maintain that hardships, deprivations, social imbalances are not properly or effectively solved by government action is not to deny their existence. Rather it is to call upon the imaginative exercise of voluntary altruistic effort to invigorate a widespread sense of responsibility for social well-being and to guard against the moral degradation of citizens as direct clients of the state or as indirect petitioners for community largesse. Some idea of what could be done in this way has been projected by Richard C. Cornuelle, both descriptively in his book, *Reclaiming the American Dream,* and practically in the work of the Foundation for Voluntary Welfare.

Conservative action of this kind cannot be incorporated in a neat "positive" program for the political arena. Nor does the enormous constructive thrust of private industry, which we have come to take for granted, lend itself to neat political packaging. Yet the creative action of free citizens could and would be multiplied a thousandfold if, in a conservative milieu, men ceased to look to government for solutions and if the corollary shrinkage of government left in the hands of the citizens resources now taxed from them in tens of billions to finance government action.

Even when, however, the charge of callousness to human distress is countered, the more general charge of negativity remains. There is only one answer conservatives can give to this charge unless they wish to descend to unprincipled demagogy. That is, to insist and to demonstrate that a positive program for the preservation of freedom, together with the release and expansion of human energies, calls for a series of negative proposals directed towards the dismantling of smothering government activities. Such a program requires, if it is to be effectively presented, specific analyses of the actuality of government activities area by area; otherwise, no matter how fundamentally correct the conservative critique, it will give the impression of being merely destructive criticism.

Only in the areas in which government is the natural organ for action, such as national defense or the prevention of crime and of any form of forceful or fraudulent interference with the freedom of citizens, can conservative programs be intrinsically positive. Elsewhere it is not to government, but to the energy, the imagination, the civil conscience, the charity of free men that conservatism looks for the development of the good society. If eternal vigilance be the price of liberty, an eternal "No" to encroaching government is its watchword.

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IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR... 1966 BOOKS

Assembled below for the edification of all are twenty-nine recent books which our reviewers praised especially highly during 1966. The range is wide, embracing politics, history, economics, military affairs and literature, with some diverting novels, a science-fiction tale and a fine, fat dictionary to boot. Extracts from the reviewers' comments follow, in the same order as in the photograph

While not in every case specifically "conservative," the books nevertheless share a special appeal to conservative readers: they (and, to be sure, dozens of other recent books) attempt to show where humanity is today and to suggest how we got there, both in terms other than the once inescapable formulations of liberal orthodoxy. The publishing industry seems to have discovered at long last that a wide market exists for good thinking and good writing which transcend the obvious, the repetitious and the time-serving. Hurrahs for them, and for the buyers and readers of books. Happy browsing!

Sword of Honour,
by Evelyn Waugh
(Little, Brown, $7.95).

"Re-reading Evelyn Waugh's Crouchback trilogy, just published . . . as a single long novel, one sees that it is a great modern work, a classic of our time. In it Waugh has succeeded in disciplining his energies by means of a complex over-all design, and so can establish meanings more ambitious than he had attempted before."

—JEFFREY HART

Capable of Honor,
by Allen Drury
(Doubleday, $5.95).

"As ever, Drury is most impressive when he evokes the backroom maneuvering of Washington intrigue, and he has an excellent sense for the alternating boredom, panic and exaltation of political conventions. . . . For conservatives, the book will prove to be a long roll in the catnip; for others, good reading which should stir doubts about the frequent horror that masks itself as objective journalism."

—M. STANTON EVANS

The Unmaking of a Mayor,
by William F. Buckley Jr.
(Viking, $6.95).

"From a New Yorker's point of view, it is, perhaps, the singular virtue of Buckley's book that it vigorously challenges the popular assumption that 'nothing can be done about New York,' and that the voter's only choice must forever lie between cynical 'bossism' and ineffectual 'goo-gooism.' Non-New Yorkers will enjoy *The Unmaking of a Mayor* as the racy story of a political novice, who, challenging both 'bossism' and 'goo-gooism,' and advancing ideas widely assumed to be repugnant to the vast majority of the electorate, puts his finger on every sore spot in New

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York politics, puts his opponents to shame as debaters, puts his tiny party on the political map of New York City, and puts himself into the national limelight."

—CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

The Birds Fall Down,
by Rebecca West
(Viking, $5.95).

"Everything that has ever mattered to Rebecca West comes to a full ripeness in this novel, and the harvest is rich. . . . It is a spy story, one of the best ever written. It is a novel about Edwardian England such as the Edwardians did not themselves write, or read. It is a study of a double agent, working with equal zeal (and treason) for the Czar and the Communists."

—GUY DAVENPORT

The Best Times,
by John Dos Passos
(New American Library, $5).

"Dos Passos is one of the important American novelists of our time, but, as compared with [others], it has been particularly hard to *see* him. . . . *The Best Times* [is] his valuable and attractive memoir . . ."

—JEFFREY HART

The Secularization of Christianity,
by Eric L. Mascall
(Holt, $7).

"In a very gracious and painstaking manner the professor of historical theology in the University of London addresses himself to the unpleasant and unpromising task of unscrambling eggs—the distinct categories and doctrines of Christian theology so curiously scrambled by Paul van Buren, John A. T. Robinson, Schubert N. Ogden, and other cocktail theologians. . . . He has shown how difficult it is to clean up a stage that has been the scene of the theological theatrics of certain modern ministers. He has also shown, to our relief, that it can be done."

—HAROLD O. J. BROWN

The Cold War,
by Charles Burton Marshall
(Franklin Watts, $2.65).

"The book is in four parts: 1) the rise of the nation-state system . . . down to the present confrontation between two powers that Tocqueville foresaw well over a century ago; 2) the slow and painful awakening of the United States to its responsibilities after World War II; 3) the nature and purpose of Communist states; and 4) the persisting conditions of the cold war. . . . Marshall has provided the public with a comprehensive and understandable account of the cold war . . ."

—PYRRHO

Howard Hughes,
by John Keats
(Random House, $5.95).

"It would be almost impossible to write a poor biography of such a fantastic personality as Howard Hughes. John Keats . . . has written a whale of a good one. . . . [Hughes'] individuality is rare enough in any age, but in our time of fulsome endorsement of mediocrity and suspicion of non-selfless achievement, it is almost unique."

—J. D. KIRWAN

The Penkovskiy Papers,
by Oleg Penkovskiy
(Doubleday, $5.95).

"These papers, says editor Frank Gibney, 'are a personal testament, not an intelligence report.' They may not be technical intelligence briefs of the sort that Colonel Penkovskiy . . . passed on to the West during his role as 'our man in Moscow' in 1961 and '62; they do, however, provide the background necessary for an understanding of the Soviet spy system. . . . The contents of this volume will not shock veteran students of Communism . . . but it is an excellent eye-opener for the uninitiated."

—DAVID FRANKE

A Creature of the Twilight: His Memorials,
by Russell Kirk
(Fleet, $5.95)

"At the beginning of the novel, Manfred Arcane is the grey eminence behind a Sultan who has ruled Hamnegri since it gained independence from France. . . . The Sultan, however, has just been overthrown and dismembered by a 'Progressive junta' which now controls most of the country and is pushing forward to seize the rest. The 'Progressives'—savages, of course—are backed by the Soviet Union and by world liberal opinion, and they have Russian weapons and Bulgarian 'advisers.' . . . It is the Gothic imagination of Manfred Arcane that can accommodate Hamnegrian actuality, and the novel concerns his efforts, ultimately successful, to defeat the 'Progressives' and restore the 'Legitimist' government."

—JEFFREY HART

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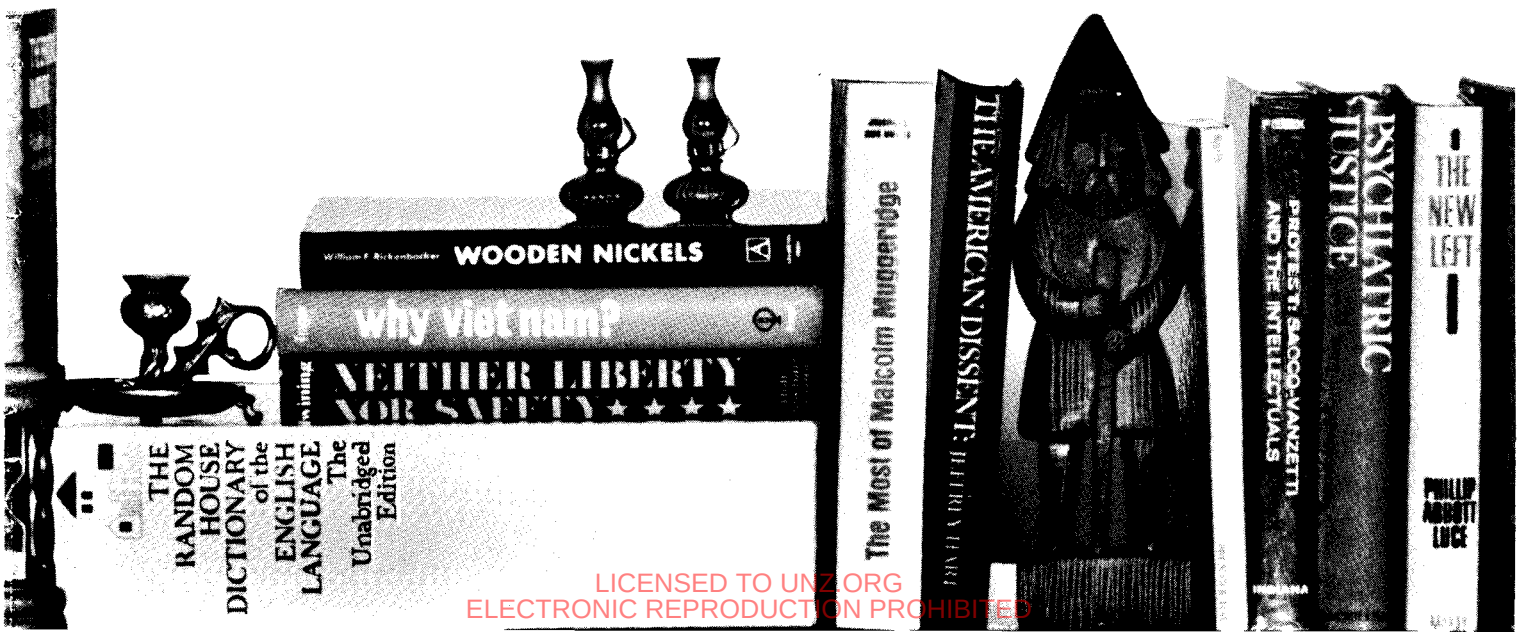
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Why Vietnam?
NEITHER LIBERTY NOR SAFETY
THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE The Unabridged Edition
The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge
THE AMERICAN DISSENT
PSYCHIATRIC JUSTICE
PROFESSOR SACCO-VANZETTI AND THE INTELLECTUALS
THE NEW LEFT
PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE

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The Fall of Paris: The Siege and the Commune, 1870-71,
by Alistair Horne
(St. Martin's, $6.95).

"By using factual accounts as the basis for shrewd analysis, Mr. Horne has been able to sweep aside the smokescreen of opposing myths by which the facts have long been obscured . . . his explanation, which he documents irrefutably, is that 'for their own dialectic purposes, the Marxists have distorted the Commune to create a myth portraying something that never was.' . . . Our author tells this story in grim and faithful detail, relying throughout on . . . eyewitness accounts as far as possible."

—GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The Territorial Imperative,
by Robert Ardrey
(Atheneum, $6.95).

". . . Mr. Ardrey writes with considerable animus, for, as he tells us, he is by nature the enemy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and all his works. He believes that man is as programmed with instincts as the tiger, but that unlike the tiger we are capable of taming ourselves; that is, of becoming civilized. Civilization does not, however, erase our nature. . . . Ethology is a new science that studies animal behavior in relation to the animal's sense of its territory: property rights, migrations, stamping grounds, and so on. . . . Ardrey shows that all animals define their property."

—GUY DAVENPORT

Neither Liberty Nor Safety,
by Gen. Nathan F. Twining
(Holt, $6).

". . . an informed, harshly reasoned, inside account of the cold war that —as it happens—parallels, supports and notably reinforces the account most of us who write on such matters in NATIONAL REVIEW have given over the years."

—JAMES BURNHAM

The Random House Dictionary of the English Language,
Unabridged Edition
(Random House, $25).

". . . it is a pleasure to report that this new major dictionary seems to be based upon a respect for standards and for civilized tradition. . . . For example, under 'like' we find: 'The use of LIKE in place as AS is universally condemned by teachers and editors, notwithstanding its wide currency, especially in advertising slogans.' This dictionary reads well, as a dictionary should."

—FRANK S. MEYER

Wooden Nickels,
by William F. Rickenbacker
(Arlington House, $3.95).

"This sparkling little book records an amazing mess of ineptitude, incompetence, illogic and sheer ignorance in high quarters. The analysis has been based on thoroughgoing research of our postwar coinage policies, told in a vivacious and brisk style worthy of a thriller. . . . As Rickenbacker sums it up: '. . . We cannot bid farewell to silver without profound foreboding.' "

—MELCHIOR PALYI

Why Vietnam?
by Frank N. Trager
(Praeger, $4.95).

"Professor Trager's book gives us a sober, concise, balanced and extremely well-written historical account . . . On all the points on which the enemy hopes to reap his harvest from confusion the reader finds sufficient and reliable information."

—GERHART NIEMEYER

The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge,
by Malcolm Muggeridge
(Simon & Schuster, $5.95).

"Muggeridge's style . . . is a kind of moral symbol, the mark of a man whose judgment is individual, not collective. The essays gathered here are a miscellaneous lot . . . in the best of them Muggeridge is a master of the *mot juste,* one of the great phrasemakers of our time. . . . Muggeridge's verbal exuberance produces a cascade of fine things."

—JEFFREY HART

The American Dissent,
by Jeffrey Hart
(Doubleday, $4.95).

"*The American Dissent* is based on extensive quotations from and analysis of articles which appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW in the decade 1955-1965 . . . Professor Hart and his task are well met . . . Employing the major voices of the conservative movement and letting them express their chief concerns and differing emphases, he has nevertheless stamped the work with the character of his own thought. And since that thought is wide-ranging and alive to what is central and enduring, the book is a complete success."

—M. STANTON EVANS

Growth and Welfare in the American Past: A New Economic History
by Douglass C. North
(Prentice Hall, $5.95).

"It is new in so many ways. Although it is economics, although it is history, it is readable and in spots charming. . . . It blasts the myths by the hundreds. . . . Tightly argued, brightly written, full of signposts for further reading, this book strikes home."

—WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

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Protest: Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals,
by David Felix
(University of Indiana Press, $5.95).

"When Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed on August 23, 1927 . . . the American left-wing intelligentsia obtained a cherished martyr myth. . . . Myths die hard. But David Felix, in a calm, persuasive book based on thorough research, places a large charge of dynamite in the legend that two innocent men of foreign origin and idealistic views were deprived of legal rights and railroaded to death on a charge without factual foundation."

—WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Psychiatric Justice,
by Thomas S. Szasz
(Macmillan, $6.95).

"Szasz troubles the dark, still waters of psychiatry and the law. He peeps beneath the crazy quilt of federal and state procedures which render impotent the constitutional right to a speedy and public trial. . . . The procedure is a prosecutor's motion for an involuntary pre-trial psychiatric examination of the accused in a suitable hospital."

—ROBERT J. GERSTUNG

The New Left,
by Phillip Abbott Luce
(McKay, $4.50).

"Luce by no means underestimates the immediate importance of the movement; he thinks it is very important indeed, and in certain respects very dangerous. Much of it, he reports, is in the hands of Communists of varying sorts—a charge he backs up by documenting Communist control of the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, SDS willingness to collaborate with Communists, and the violent intentions of the Progressive Labor Party, of which Luce was a ranking member. He in addition chronicles the growth of the movement, sorts out one group from the next, and in general sets forth a convincing description of New Left activities."

—M. STANTON EVANS

The Comedians,
by Graham Greene
(Viking, $5.75).

". . . the setting is the Haiti of Papa Duvalier and his secret police, the *Tontons Macoute*. The hero is, as usual, uncommitted; . . . Around him we find assembled an array of soldiers of fortune, innocent American vegetarians, Haitians in rebellion against Duvalier, and many helpless characters whose interest is only to stay alive in a hostile society. Greene, as always, writes as if he were telling a movie . . . playing every scene along its false trail until the surprise jumps up, as gratifying as Friday's footprint in the sand."

—GUY DAVENPORT

Battles Lost and Won: Great Campaigns of World War II,
by Hanson W. Baldwin
(Harper, $10).

"The writings of Hanson Baldwin in his chosen field of military analysis and military history have been distinguished for more than thirty years by one quality above all others —common sense. . . . This book is one more admirable illustration of the application of common sense, supported by encyclopedic professional knowledge, to the task of presenting military history in a form understandable to the general reader, while conveying the realization that it is upon the lessons of experience that we must still rely today for the prudent direction of our national strategy. . . ."

—GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power,
by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak
(New American Library, $7.95).

"Precisely where do you grab the arm and what pressure do you apply? What, in Heaven's name, do you say to a United States senator to get him to change his vote on an issue that could mortally affect his political future? It's all here, in so many words. . . . [the book] attempts 'to show how the Public Person sought, achieved and dispensed power, particularly after he became Senate Democratic Leader in January 1953.' It succeeds, admirably."

—NEAL FREEMAN

The Moon is a Harsh Mistress,
by Robert Heinlein
(Putnam, $5.95).

". . . a different flavor, brisk, unadorned, and evocative of something very different in time, place and cultural values—as indeed Heinlein's Luna, an exploited colony a century hence, definitely is . . . it tells How To Set Up a Government for people who give a damn—people who are willing to work, who take as an article of faith that there ain't no such thing as a free lunch (they've reduced this to a common term, the acronym TANSTAAFL)—people who do not like, and do not intend, to be stepped on."

—THEODORE STURGEON

The Last Battle,
by Cornelius Ryan
(Simon & Schuster, $7.50).

"Why did the Western Allies leave the capture of Germany's capital to the Russians? According to this well-researched book, whose author also wrote *The Longest Day,* the division of postwar Germany with Berlin in the Soviet zone had been determined in a British plan long before the Yalta conference supposedly carved up the remains of the Third Reich."

—R. T. P. DAVIS

To Criticize the Critic: Eight Essays on Literature and Education,
by T. S. Eliot
(Farrar, $4.95).

"The essays and addresses . . . are meditations on what we half-know, and what we mean by it: the place of Dante, the relation of the Classics to literacy, the interrelation of American literature and the American language, the French cult of Poe, the nature of Free Verse. . . . memorable performances which, if they have no more of a paraphrasable sort to say than has a cello, have yet a Mozart's power of communicating wisdom."

—HUGH KENNER

Roman Culture: Weapons and the Man,
edited with introductions by Garry Wills
(Braziller, $6.95).

". . . Garry Wills has assembled for us a Rome *de nos jours*. . . . not surveying 'major figures' but lighting up, glimpse after glimpse, a succession of Roman themes, in poems, epigrams, excerpts from letters, scraps of orations, handbooks, plays, Christian tracts."

—HUGH KENNER

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Aloise B. Heath, RIP

"For her," an august and worldly professor of the social sciences called in when the word leaked out that she was in coma, "I have to confess I have said a prayer, for the first time in many years even though I never met her." His prayer, and others, were unavailing. Aloise Buckley Heath died on Monday, January 16, ten days after an unsuccessful operation which was performed a few hours after she had complained of a bad headache, and was driven, by her husband, to the hospital in Hartford. Unconsciousness and partial paralysis gradually set in, and when the doctor did operate it was only because, as he put it, he would have done so on his own wife under similar circumstances—he gave her only one or two chances out of one hundred. And then a few minutes later when he actually observed the damage done by the cerebral hemorrhage, he simply stitched her back together and waited, as the family did—her husband, her ten children, her mother, her eight brothers and sisters—for the inevitable end. It came later than the young doctors had predicted. "They don't realize," said one doctor. "that at 48 the heart is strong. It goes right on beating, for a while, a good while. What happened to her brain is the kind of thing that usually happens to people in their late sixties or seventies. That's why she isn't dead—yet. But there won't be any pain, any consciousness." She was buried at St. Bernard's Cemetery, in Sharon, Connecticut, on Wednesday, January 18, alongside two of her sisters, who had died at age three days, and 31 years. At the service, said as she would have wanted, in Latin, a memorial card was distributed, a small photograph, the dates of birth and death on one side, and on the other a passage from François Mauriac's *Ce Que Je Crois* that she had seen and expressed admiration for—as a young girl she had been schooled in France, and she knew the language as a native—only a month before. Mauriac wrote: *"Faites, Mon Dieu, que je me recueille dans la paix de votre présence, afin que quand mon heure sera venue, je passe par une transition presque insensible, de vous à vous, de vous, pain vivant, pain des hommes, à vous amour vivant déjà possédé par ceux de mes biens-aimés qui se sont endormis avant moi dans votre amour."*—"Grant, O Lord, that I might commune in the peace of your presence, so that when my hour is come, I shall pass through a transition all but insensible, from You to You; from You, the Living Bread, the Bread of Man, to you, the Living Love, already possessed by those of my beloved ones who, in that love, have gone before me to sleep."

"Though I never met her," one reader wrote, "I felt along with thousands of NATIONAL REVIEW readers, I'm sure, the force of her personality; her vibrant, joyous spirit sang out of her seasonal articles for NATIONAL REVIEW." "Of all the writers on your magazine, over the past eleven years," an attorney wrote, "she must surely have been the most lovable." And from a minister: "My wife, my children, and I feel something of a personal loss in the death. . . . As she has on several occasions in the past, she added to the joy of our Christmas celebration with her most recent article, [giving us] that sense of thankful and lighthearted appreciation of the mercies of God which we are trying to nurture in those whom He has given us to love."

Aloise Heath wrote for the very first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, and had an article in the issue that was on the stands when she took sick. She did not, however, write frequently. There was of course the handicap of her motherhood of ten children, and the very special care she took of them. Besides that she was notoriously disorganized, so much so that generations of editors clamored, unsuccessfully, for her articles, and when she died, she had on her desk, as usual unanswered, a letter from the editor of a prominent monthly, begging for her copy. She had excited, at Smith College, the admiring attention of the academicians, as sharply distinguished from the administrators who at one point got so fed up with her dilatory habits as to suspend her for a year (she graduated with the class of 1941, instead of 1940)—a lever against her which unfortunately no editor inherited. But the professors gave her all the ritual honors of a very bright young writer. She was married in 1942 and got around to writing an article about her first child five years later. It was published in the *Ladies Home Journal,* and with her check for $500 she bought expensive presents for all her brothers and sisters, resolved to write regularly, and didn't; not even when the agent for Somerset Maugham—who thus announced himself—offered to handle her material. She was always acquiescent; she would agree to write anything in the world any editor asked her to write; and simply did not do so—she was too busy with her growing family. She did produce a piece for *NR* at Christmastime, the ordeal of whose parturition was an annual agony—bits and pieces would come in by notepaper, telegram, telephone. But they were the most applauded pieces we ever published, even though they seldom touched on politics (one reader suggested we get Aloise Heath to write *all* of *every* issue). Seldom, but not never . . .

She complained in one of them that her children had been over-politicalized. For instance "the kindergartner of unshakable opinion—what we can't shake in Janet is her firm opinion announced thirty seconds after she heard of the President's assassination last year that Senator Goldwater shot him. 'Janet, you *mustn't* say that!' her horrified older brothers and sisters exclaim when the subject comes up from time to time. 'I won't. I won't tell *anyone,*' she reassures them. 'Shall it be our two's secret?' "

Janet wasn't the only problem. A year later there was Timothy, with his paraplegic leg: "Six-year-old Timothy, who has been standing

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aloofly in the background watching you with great concentration, has apparently now accepted you. He whispers in my ear that he has something important to tell you. I transmit the message and Timothy stands before you shortly and informs you somberly that his message is about Communism. The Communists, he thinks you ought to know, are against us and we are against Communists, and they plan to beat us up but, man, are they going to be surprised, because they don't even *know* about Timothy Heath yet! And with modest pride, Terrible Timothy sticks one skinny little leg in the air and shows you his heavy brace and boot. 'One kick with *that* foot,' he grits from clenched teeth; and while you ponder the appalling fate in store for the Communists, Tim smiles and the serious little face breaks into whole galaxies of twinkles and dimples. . . ."

And there was always, in the household, the problem of distinguishing politics and theology. Sometimes, she admitted, she was herself responsible for the confusion. Let her speak for herself on the matter of Mrs. Major and her eternal soul. . . . "Did I really tell Timothy that Tommy Major's mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No. I DID NOT. Once and for all.

"What happened was this. One day Timothy said: 'Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?'

"I said: 'Do you mean me or do you mean people? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean "people," no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear mother, you lucky boy.' Tim looked at me gravely. 'Will Tommy's mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson.'

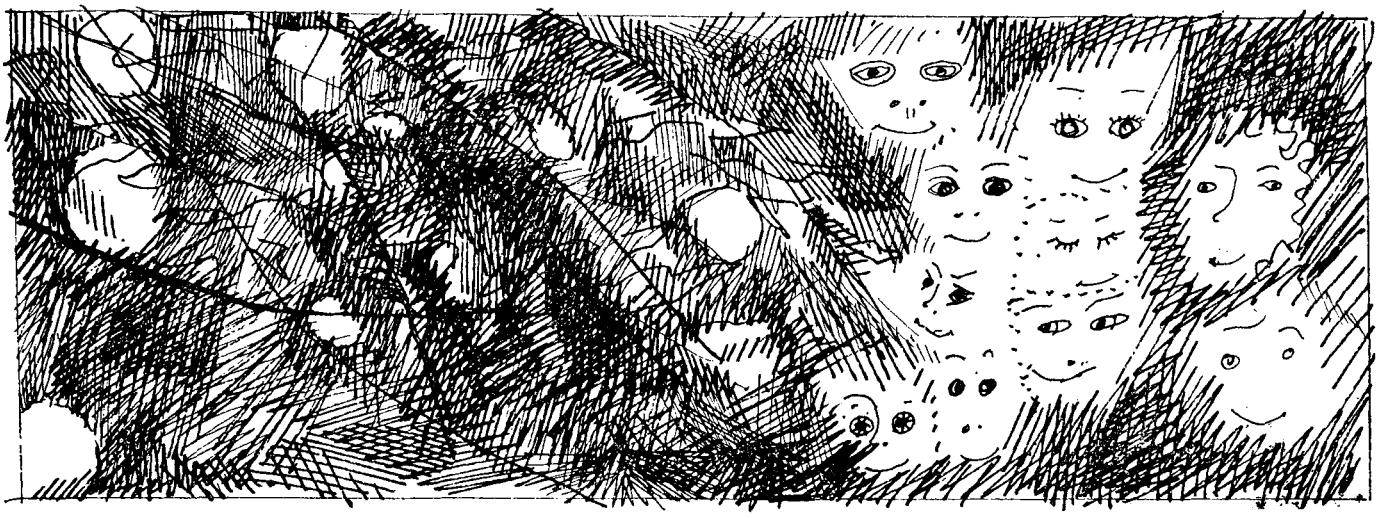
" 'Oh, I don't think so, Tim,' I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. 'She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she *did* go to Hell!'

"It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, *'Tommy's mother went to Hell/ On the Donkey ticket/Now she knows a Johnson vote/Is very, very wicked.'* Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that 'Tommy's Mother went to Hell.' And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am. I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it.

"I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version."

But her madcap problems were not usually political. She was sharply observant and therefore sharply critical; the curse of the whole class of the pretentious, because she had a jeweler's eye for cant, for silliness (which, however, if it was unaffected, she loved), for hokum, political and nonpolitical. One of her weapons was literalness. She wrote several times with vast amusement about some of the practical problems posed by writers in ladies' magazines. There was the article warning the wife against "Becoming Less Appealing," which cautioned against making long social telephone calls, or "talking more loudly than her husband." "In certain isolated circumstances," she mused, "doing so would be justified; chronic laryngitis on the part of the husband, for instance; or the case of a man who might be worried about *his* Becoming Less Appealing, and therefore refusing to talk more loudly than his wife at the very same identical moment that his wife refused to talk more loudly than her husband. We can all see where *this* sort of situation would end, I am sure."

And there was the article that caught her eye, instructing wives on how to be more romantic with their husbands: "There was a *very* moving love scene (in the article) in the course of which a woman stood 'with her hands clasped on Loren's neck, her red hair pressed against his chin, her lips ardently uplifted.' The trouble is, when *I* clasp *my* hands on my



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husband's neck, press my interestingly graying hair against his chin and ardently uplift *my* lips, all I get is a mouthful of Adam's apple."

She was as amused by all aspects of language. Traveling in France with her sister Priscilla she found herself stuck in the elevator. "I cried: 'To the help!', which is what you cry when you are trapped in an Alpine pass in a blizzard at midnight and wolves are attacking you; and Priscilla shouted: 'The ascendor does not march!', which means that the elevator isn't working. After a while, pausing for a cigarette, we noticed the sign on the door. 'By means of a telephonic apparatus which finds itself at the interior of the ascendor, *ladies* and *gentlemen*,' the sign said pointedly, 'may inform the concierge with all calm that a mechanical anomaly has passed itself.' There is more to this message than meets the eye, we found. And you will find, if you try to say *'Anomalie mécanique' without* all calm."

Her strength was the children she loved—to the extent, she always made clear, that that was possible for anyone who truly understands children. One time she received a letter from an irrepressibly attractive and utterly impossible thirteen-y e a r-old boy, friend of one of her sons, asking her whether she would recommend him to a school into which he sought admittance. (The entire, hilarious correspondence caught the eye of the *Reader's Digest,* which published it in its entirety.) She wrote, copy to the applicant, to the headmaster: ". . . [Peter] is more sophisticated today than three years ago, when, at the age of ten, he frequently urged me not to get my liver in a quiver. Today, when Peter and I have what he refers to as 'a difference of opinion,' he retires with complete equanimity to his own back yard until such time as my ill-humor subsides. My change of mood is apparently picked up by Peter's extrasensory perception within the hour, for whenever I decide that the time has come for forgiving and forgetting, he appears at my front door within fifteen minutes, to assure me *he* has forgiven and forgotten. By way of proof (penance?) he then resumes without rancor his status as our daily visitor. . . ."

She knew children, and knew the duty of the parent to try to dominate children, but knew also the limits of any such ambition, children being —children. "If they start throwing books at each other," she wrote in a piece about carpools, "it is best to park the car on the side of the road and exhibit emotional stability until they've stopped. Even this is unnecessary if the books are being thrown by Fourth, Fifth, or Sixth Form boys. Their aim is invariably excellent, and you are in no danger whatsoever. Occasionally there may be stationed on one of your carpool routes a policeman who does not like it when a child sticks his head out of the car and shouts: 'What's old pennies made of?' and all the others shriek, *'Dirty Copper!'* At least he doesn't like it twice a day for nine months of the year, which is when the children like it. If this should be the case, humor him. I myself find that the easiest thing to do is to work out a detour around him, though I understand some mothers make the children stop it."

But she always found her own children (and everyone else's), whatever the generic menace, individually fascinating, individually challenging, individually superior. "Timothy is five years old. He is small, handsome, stern, rather conceited, we suspect; and he has the kind of passion for accuracy which so unduly prolongs even the simplest of bedtime stories. When he comes home from kindergarten, we meet; we do not reune, as did his poor be-mommed eldest brother and I twelve years ago. Nor do I ask for a detailed accounting of Timothy's morning; I say 'Have fun?' and then I say 'That's good!' before he answers . . ."

". . . Timothy was home from school with a cold, and we were glad to see each other, so to speak. We sat alone together in the kitchen over a plateful of plums, and I said, as a gesture of friendship: 'Tim, what's two and two?' Between Heaths, this is not a question; it is the opening gambit of an old routine which ends in 'What's twelve and twelve?' to which the (always) killingly funny answer is, 'Twenty-four. Shut your mouth and say no more.' Furthermore, it is Timothy's absolutely favorite joke; so I felt a little rebuffed when he asked gravely: " 'What's two?' "

And thus was his mother introduced to the New Math, in which numbers are second-class citizens, and it all depends on colored rods ("Spare Me the Rods," Dec. 31, 1963).

Always she insisted on the realisms. There was the Christmas when she announced to her children that they would attempt a Trapp Family Christmas, the distinguishing feature of which was that each child would select another child (by ballot) as his special protégé (*Christkindl*), and proceed to shower (anonymously) special favors upon him or her until Christmas day when the *Christkindl's* benefactor would identify himself. The idea was heroically launched. But her children didn't appear to be exactly Trapp-minded. . . .

"That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well they *were,* that's all. They *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is

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magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure. What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters. They named, giving reasons therefore, their choice—those they would gladly do without. They catalogued the children they would trade for hockey skates or an electric organ with four octaves, or seven Betsey-Wetsies with seven different-colored hairs. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable, but not nice. . . . ."

Undaunted, she went on with her resolute plans for a Trapp Family Christmas.

"I didn't see how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, every one writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing: *'Ye heavens, dew drop from above.'* Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl,* and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without ever letting him know who you are. . . ." But at her house it was, as usual, chaotic . . . the children found themselves picking themselves, or prematurely divulging their identities, or whatever. Finally, she contrived a means by which the children would pick out their *Christkindl,* and be picked out. It was not altogether democratic, and by no means left to chance. She reserved a *droit de mère*: All the children were *given* a specified piece of paper. "The baby ate her paper; but it was all right, because I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love. Everybody was getting pretty tense, not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops. I wouldn't want anybody to think that the baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning my *Christkindl* allows me to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little."

The last Christmas, never daunted, she had experimented with group singing which meant the children as a body, rather than as individuals; and that, as ever, was something else again, and, as ever, she wrote about it hypnotically . . .

"Gay my children unquestionably are. They rollick into the house from school, burst into paroxysms of laughter at the extraordinary coincidence of their reunion from various carpools, plan their far-flung wickednesses in gales of muffled giggles, are scolded with eyes twinkling above insufficiently suppressed grins, and fall asleep in the midst of a choked chuckle at 8, 9 or 10 P.M., according to whether their bedtime was at 7, 8, or 9. . . ."

* * *

"Do you know what 'afforient' is? Neither did I till I heard Priscilla, who is fifteen and who should know better, sweetly warble that she three kings afforient were . . ."

* * *

"And has anybody ever wondered where the Ranger is on Christmas Eve? . . . Well, Betsey Heath has. *'Away* is the Ranger,' she will inform you, if you listen carefully. And obviously, he is away because there is no crib for his bed. . . ."

* * *

"Janet, canny little Janet, all of whose sins are premeditated and blatant, sang exactly what she intended to sing. *'No L, No L the angels did say.'* It was a matter of the angels' alphabet, she explained to me a little tiredly. . . . I eyed her suspiciously, because more humor in the family we do not need, but I let it pass. . . ."

* * *

"Have you ever wondered, in the long watches of the night, what Child is this who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping? Well, it is the Child whom angels greet with Ann the Sweet, while shepherds' watches keeping. Well, St. Ann was Mary's mother, certainly sweet and probably dead, argued Alison. Why *wouldn't* she be with the angels? As for the shepherds, what with their setting off for Bethlehem, well-known for its good and bad thieves, keeping their watches was a very friendly gesture on the part of the angels. Ann the Sweet probably thought of it."

* * *

"Some of them were taking an individual called 'Good Heed' to the angels' ward; many of them with the jellied toast proclaimed . . ."

* * *

". . . Pam, even Pam, kept announcing in her clear, sweet contralto that God and sin are reconciled . . ."

* * *

"But I was too weary to go on. 'Children,' I said. 'Let's just do one song absolutely *perfectly.* Let's concentrate on 'Silent Night,' because that's the one we know best anyway. . . .

"They lined up, looking very clean and handsome and holy, Jim and John at the back, Timothy and Janet on either side of Pam at the piano, and the middle echelon sensibly and unquarrelsomely distributed in the middle according to heights. *Just like the Trapp Family,* I thought to myself happily. Pam turned and gave them all a long and, I hoped, stern look, before she played the opening measures.

" *'Silent night, holy night,'* nine young voices chanted softly, and I noticed Jennifer and Betsey beginning to break up in twinkles and dimples. *'All is calm, all is bright,'* they went on, John's recorder piping low and clear. Buckley and Alison clapped their hands briefly over their mouths. *'Round John Virgin, Mother and Child,'* the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. 'Just *who,'* I asked, in my most restrained voice, 'is Round John Virgin?'

" 'One of the twelve opossums,' the nine young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano, from the piano bench onto the floor, convulsed by their own delicate wit.

"And that's why we didn't have *this* year's Christmas carol program."

"One of the reasons—I say one of

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the reasons because I could easily think of another if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates had worked up to president of the State PTA was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why my husband Ben has the Spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the Spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. 'I know,' I say. 'I know. I know. I know.'

"I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet is permanently (though interestingly) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane, crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off into the dark, jingling sleighbells and shouting 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon, with 'MERVYN' spelled out in red Scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas tree) and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Claus) and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angel). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to look a ten-year-old square in the eye and say: 'But Sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Did you ever think of that?' . . ."

Stuff and nonsense? Well . . . "Some day,"—she wrote on Christmas, 1964, taking off with her striking literary skill on the ladies'-type magazines that tell you how to be a perfect wife, promising, in her own caricature, to be "even more emetic"—but somehow accomplishing something quite different. She wrote: "Some day, though, I will have a fling at becoming a perfect woman, nobly planned, which, the way I dope it out, means spending absolute hours making love your whole existence, and keeping silent in the churches, and weeping while men work, and trying to be a better smoke than a good cigar, and constantly widening the gap between your price and rubies', and being good and letting who will be clever, and while your babes around you cling, showing Wordsworth how divine a thing a woman may be made.

"In my case, though, it will have to be while my grandbabies around me cling, because right now, and for the next fourteen and a quarter years, I'm going to be too busy. . . ." Celebrating Christmas in the usual way.

On Christmas Eve last, with only twelve and one half years to go, she was busy, at the apogee of her yearly cycle, stuffing the stockings of her children with candies and puzzles and games and toys, when she stretched out under the tree and slept. This was not totally unusual for her. But the difference was when she woke an hour later. She did not resume her duty, her joy—though there were still four stockings left to fill. She went, without saying a word, to bed; and so her husband and oldest child, astonished, worried, finished the work of the Christmas-maker extraordinary. She didn't know what it was that had happened, and the doctors didn't seem to know, and two weeks later the Christmases were, for her, forever ended. And little Janet, her *Christkindl* of the year of the Trapps, when she got the news, responded that "Nothing will ever be fun again"; which is exactly how others felt, who knew her when we were all children together.

WFB JR.
PLB

Aloise Heath and daughters Priscilla (center) and Pamela

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

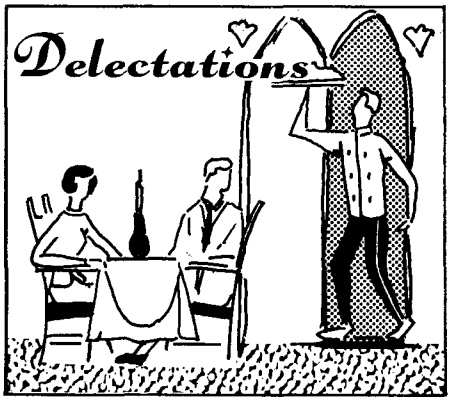
Dining Out: Rooftop and Street Level

The importance of service was never so clear to me as the other day, at lunch in a newish New York restaurant, the Etoile, all stark and costly Miami Beach moderne. The check for two was well over $20, for two drinks (not to our specification), a bottle of wine (good) and indifferent food. But the waiters had been torn prematurely from waiter kindergarten and were so inept it was not even worthwhile mentioning the fact to the captains: if the captains had known better, they would have told the waiters. It was another classic case of much money lavished on décor, and hardly any on food and service.

Things are just the opposite at a favorite restaurant of mine, the Tower Suite in the Time and Life Building, part of Rockefeller Center. There, the décor is August Corporate, which is not surprising since the place serves as a luncheon club during the week to such noble outfits as Time Inc. and several foundations. The management, stuck with this somewhat chilly atmosphere, has more than compensated for it with the warmth of the welcome, the food and the service, all of which are splendid.

I may add that the Tower Suite is on the 48th floor, with a magnificent view of the city that outdoes the décor. The restaurant is one of the most interesting in New York; one has the feeling of being in a first-class dining room in Europe, such as are found in the Swiss luxury hotels or in star liners. To get away from the usual restaurant atmosphere and simulate dining in a private home, the management has dispensed with the written menu. The hors d'oeuvres (several), soups, (choice of two), the fish, and a palate-clearing sherbet as intermezzo are brought to the table, and so are the entrees and vegetables, for you to look at and to choose from. The same goes for the sweets and cheeses; the coffee, as elegantly served as the rest, comes with cigarettes in a silver box. (The place is full of little touches like this, including very nice table furnishings.) The dishes are international, well-cooked and amusing, especially on holidays like Christmas and New Year's, with unexpected and delicious flavor combinations, such as ham *mousse* with kumquats.

Now to come to the service, which I consider the best in all of New York. Every table is served by a captain, butler, maid and busboy, who introduce themselves to you by name and who anticipate your slightest wish. This original idea of team service has endeared itself to a great many self-made rich men who find being upstaged by the waiters in most



of New York's luxury restaurants repulsive. At the Tower Suite, they feel safe with smiling service, or so several told me; and they can't be the only ones for the place is always full. For those who might be confused about the tipping of so many people: leave 15 per cent of the check on the table for butler, maid and busboy, and give the captain 5 per cent. The tempo of the Tower Suite is leisurely. It is within walking distance of the theater district, but about two hours should be allowed for a meal. So, if you're going to the theater, get there around six. One of the pleasures of the Tower Suite is Sunday Brunch served from 11:30 until 3, which offers fresh juices, fruit, fine breads, fish, oysters and other seafood, soups, several main courses and desserts, all for $6. Dinner costs $9.75, another bargain. There is a limited but very good list of wines, most reasonably priced. The Tower Suite is open only for dinner weekdays from 6 to 10, Saturdays from 5 to 11 and Sundays 5:30 to 9. Reservations.

In the same Time and Life Building, on street level at 123 West 50th Street, is another favorite restaurant of mine. (The service is only adequate, but the décor and food make up for it.) La Fonda del Sol, the Inn of the Sun, is dedicated to the greater glory of Latin American crafts and foods, not on the barefoot level but at quite sophisticated heights. It is the most originally designed and decorated restaurant in New York, and it was done up brown by Alexander Girard, the famous architect and collector of Latin American folk art objects. I greatly admire the way he broke up the space (the kind banks build their temples in) to make it human and pleasant to sit, and the way he fitted thousands of extraordinary and colorful toys, candlesticks and all kinds of artifacts from all over Latin America into wall cases. The table settings at La Fonda are so colorful and attractive that people often walk off with them.

The food includes dozens of fascinating and tasty Latin American specialties, with meats roasted before an open grill. It is very good and there are two outstanding desserts: the chocolate cake and the cheese cake, which are unique and out of this world. La Fonda del Sol is the ideal place to take out-of-town visitors and Europeans too, because they've never seen anything like it. (Nor have Latin Americans.) Children and teen-agers adore it, especially on Sundays, when there is a fiesta with suitable marimba and other bands and singers going on from one to eight forty-five. Lunch, *à la carte*, has entrees from $1.95 to $5.50. Complete dinners come to $6.75, $7.75 and $8.75. La Fonda del Sol serves lunch from 12 to 3 and dinner from 5 to 12:30. Reservations.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

It's Quite Possible to Read

RUSSELL KIRK

A young lady in Midland, Texas—Miss Michelle Robins, aged thirty-four months (that's right, *months*)—has been in the news recently because she reads magazines and newspapers on airplanes. She began to read, indeed, when only fourteen months of age. Now her literary appetite is voracious, and she devours the Bible, encyclopedias, religious magazines, children's books, and whatever she may encounter. I don't know whether, like Samuel Johnson, she reads every book she comes upon—but none to the end.

Really, learning to read is not difficult, provided one starts early enough so that it's not drudgery, and provided one is properly instructed in the method. (I confess that I didn't commence reading until I was seven, but that was because my mother read everything aloud to me, and I indolently assumed that I might pass my whole life as a mere auditor.) Congenital illiterates are rare. The reason why colleges stoop to "reading clinics" for illiterate freshmen is that the majority of American children still are taught to read by mistaken methods of improperly trained teachers.

Kirk

I do commend to everyone a recent book by Mr. Mitford M. Mathews, *Teaching to Read, Historically Considered* (University of Chicago Press, $6.95). As Mr. Mathews points out, in classical times it was considered easy to learn to read, and mere schoolmasters were held in a corresponding contempt—the beginning of the attitude that "those who can, *do;* and those who can't, teach." When the endeavor was made, during and after the Reformation, to convert whole populations to literacy, however, difficulties were encountered; and those difficulties plague us still.

One difficulty was, and is, that the *names* of the letters of the alphabet are not identical with the *sound* of those letters (a confusion still oppressing a good many teachers); as Mr. Mathews puts it, "The tendency of speech sounds, which letters represent, is to change. Inevitably, then, letters and the speech sounds for which they stand tend to lose rapport, the one to remain fixed and the other to undergo change." Since dictionaries came into existence, men have ceased to spell, with innocent liberty, as they pronounce.

Early in the nineteenth century, first German and then American scholars sought means to diminish the pain of learning to read. The phonics method appeared but fell into disfavor for reasons unconnected with its real merits. The "Normal-Words" method was developed, and presently was corrupted, particularly in America, into a system little superior to that of Chinese ideographs. It became, in short—in part, under Horace Mann's influence—the still-dominant "word method" or "look-and-say" system, by which the child memorizes whole words before advancing further into the mysteries of reading. (Mann would have restricted the early vocabulary to less than a hundred words, to be recognized as abstract entities, rather than sounded or spelt.) A principal trouble with this theory has been that many children never progress beyond mere isolated word-recognition; and many teachers don't know how to help their charges progress.

The alternative to this "analytic" or "look-and-say" method is the synthetic method, now commonly known as the "phonic system," by which the child is taught, from the beginning, the letters and the sounds they represent. There exist also various combinations or compromises of the two rival systems.

The "analytic" or "look-and-say" method has failed in the modern teaching of the English language. As this learned and perceptive historian of language concludes, "The attitude of professionals and laymen alike appears now to be more favorable than it once was to the conclusion that no matter how a child is taught to read, he comes sooner or later to the strait gate and the narrow way: he has to learn letters and the sounds for which they stand. There is no evidence whatever that he will ultimately do this better from at first not doing it at all."

The "Amidon Plan" put into operation by Dr. Carl F. Hansen, superintendent of schools in the District of Columbia, employs the synthetic method most successfully; its "Phono-visual Method" imparts the elements of reading even in kindergarten, and Amidon's (or, now, the District's) second-graders often are able to master books reserved in most schools for the fourth or fifth grade. There is no reason at all why the Amidon Plan, or its equivalent, should not be applied everywhere in these United States.

Those who would know more about our present American reading plight ought to look into Charles Walcutt's *Tomorrow's Illiterates: The State of Reading Instruction Today* (Little, Brown, 1961), and Arther Trace's *Reading Without Dick and Jane* (Regnery, 1965); Glen McCracken's *The Right to Learn* (Regnery, 1959) also is valuable.

Miss Michelle Robins doubtless is a Gifted Child, but not necessarily a Stupor Mundi. Though your offspring may not master Latin and Greek so early as did John Quincy Adams, he ought to commence genuine reading between the ages of five and eight, the average child being fully competent then: it won't do to wait until adult years.

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The Tone of a Terrible Century

HUGH KENNER

Some criticism, notably an elucidative 3,500 words on his use of Petronius; much platitude, redeemed if not exhilarated by feeling; one most memorable sentence, a Sophoclean cry from his old colleague in Rapallo, "Who is there now for me to share a joke with?"; and anecdotage, Lord, Lord, anecdotage, all of it defining a sweet, aloof, baffling man—a great personality, tough, responsive, wise, even had he not been so eminent a man of letters, and, at his moment in history, so decisive a poet.

But of course the great personality *was* the great poet, the two for the first time publicly united now that he is dead. He taught us that the separation between art and the event is always absolute; that the poet enters the poem not as an ingredient enters a chemical reaction, but only as a catalyst does; that "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality." He taught us, almost by that one firm influential sentence, to look at his poems, not at him; and so effectively that for half a century no one noticed the next sentence: "But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things."

Did a literary world, in a time mad after gossip, ever pay a great man such a tribute as Eliot's contemporaries paid him, in never so much as hinting, for five decades, at the nature of the emotions from which he might have wanted to escape? It was an open secret, and I have never heard that a word about it ever slipped into print: from 1915 until 1947—thirty-two mortal years—his life was bounded by the conditions of a miserable marriage, to a gifted woman of whom it was very soon evident that her emotions were deranged, and hopelessly so. The present volume, notably in the reminiscences of Sir Herbert Read and Frank Morley, enters for the first time, discreetly, upon this theme.

T. S. Eliot, The Man and his Work, edited by Allen Tate. Delacorte, $6.50

T. S. Eliot: ". . . the great personality was the great poet."

And necessarily. Pound's plea, "Let him rest in peace," need not be transgressed against in the course of going even further; for not only is a Homer's anonymity simply impossible in a world defined as never before by knowledge itself—less by what is known than by the fact that we know it; not only has our understanding of poetry become inseparable from our understanding of poets; but Eliot's own practice, and his own intricate epistemology, would seem to have foreseen the day when we would understand how literally he meant, in his private capacity, statements the reader of the poetry has thought symbolical for years.

Or when, under ether, the mind is conscious but conscious of nothing—
I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; . . .

These are words he set down in *East Coker* in full possession of a private memory: the memory of a London flat in which Vivien Eliot indulged her penchant for ether-sniffing. And the words recall not only the ether but, with bitter honesty, the hope that kept offering itself to him, hope for her death: an honesty that now confronts unflinching from the page readers who had thought this a casual *exemplum*. The poetry, now, is transfigured, as Eliot must have known it would one day be: under that fine smooth skin of words, so shocking a skull. And we remember his long self-identification with Donne, who finished a great churchman after a career wrecked by an imprudent marriage.

He seems not to have cared that we should one day know how he longed for her death, and toyed with thoughts of her death by water. In *The Waste Land* a deranged voice (remembered?) speaks of being the Hyacinth Girl; a moment later the soothsayer hints at drowning and hanging, and someone else of a buried corpse; then a lady ("My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me") speaks of rushing out with her hair down and is suddenly metamorphosed into the mad Ophelia. One play, *The Family Reunion*, written not long after their final separation, is about the guilt of a man who wanted to drown his wife and probably didn't; she disappeared in mid-Atlantic and one of the characters finds it odd to think of her as permanently *missing*. The next play, *The Cocktail Party*, written just after her death, is about a man whose missing wife is restored by—by a god? a psychiatrist? One who cures souls, at any rate, but is patterned after Euripides' Herakles who descended to

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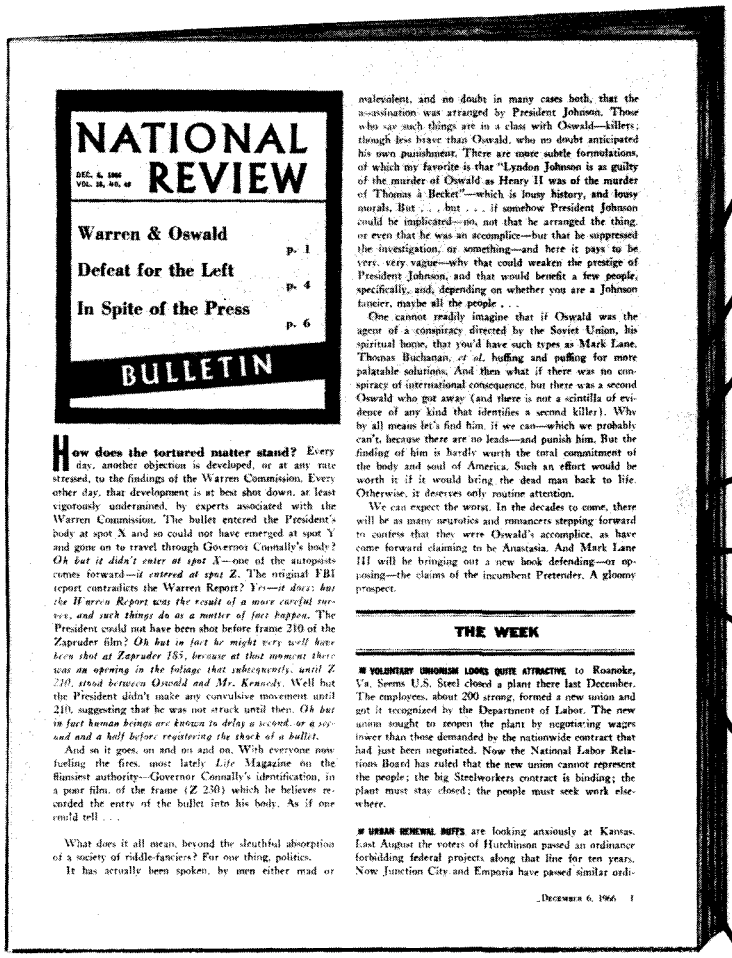

NATIONAL REVIEW

DEC. 6, 1966 VOL. 18, NO. 47

Warren & Oswald p. 1

Defeat for the Left p. 4

In Spite of the Press p. 6

BULLETIN

How does the tortured matter stand? Every day, another objection is developed, or at any rate stressed, to the findings of the Warren Commission. Every other day, that development is at best shot down, at least vigorously undermined, by experts associated with the Warren Commission. The bullet entered the President's body at spot X and so could not have emerged at spot Y and gone on to travel through Governor Connally's body? *Oh but it didn't enter at spot X*—one of the autopsists comes forward—*it entered at spot Z.* The original FBI report contradicts the Warren Report? *Yes—it does; but the Warren Report was the result of a more careful survey, and such things do as a matter of fact happen.* The President could not have been shot before frame 210 of the Zapruder film? *Oh but in fact he might very well have been shot at Zapruder 185, because at that moment there was an opening in the foliage that subsequently, until Z 210, stood between Oswald and Mr. Kennedy.* Well but the President didn't make any convulsive movement until 210, suggesting that he was not struck until then. *Oh but in fact human beings are known to delay a second, or a second and a half before registering the shock of a bullet.*

And so it goes, on and on and on. With everyone now fueling the fires, most lately *Life* Magazine on the flimsiest authority—Governor Connally's identification, in a poor film, of the frame (Z 230) which he believes recorded the entry of the bullet into his body. As if one could tell . . .

What does it all mean, beyond the sleuthful absorption of a society of riddle-fanciers? For one thing, politics.

It has actually been spoken, by men either mad or malevolent, and no doubt in many cases both, that the assassination was arranged by President Johnson. Those who say such things are in a class with Oswald—killers; though less brave than Oswald, who no doubt anticipated his own punishment. There are more subtle formulations, of which my favorite is that "Lyndon Johnson is as guilty of the murder of Oswald as Henry II was of the murder of Thomas à Becket"—which is lousy history, and lousy morals. But . . . but . . . if somehow President Johnson could be implicated—no, not that he arranged the thing, or even that he was an accomplice—but that he suppressed the investigation, or something—and here it pays to be very, very vague—why that could weaken the prestige of President Johnson, and that would benefit a few people, specifically, and, depending on whether you are a Johnson fancier, maybe all the people . . .

One cannot readily imagine that if Oswald was the agent of a conspiracy directed by the Soviet Union, his spiritual home, that you'd have such types as Mark Lane, Thomas Buchanan, *et al.* huffing and puffing for more palatable solutions. And then what if there was no conspiracy of international consequence, but there was a second Oswald who got away (and there is not a scintilla of evidence of any kind that identifies a second killer). Why by all means let's find him, if we can—which we probably can't, because there are no leads—and punish him. But the finding of him is hardly worth the total commitment of the body and soul of America. Such an effort would be worth it if it would bring the dead man back to life. Otherwise, it deserves only routine attention.

We can expect the worst. In the decades to come, there will be as many neurotics and romancers stepping forward to confess that they were Oswald's accomplice, as have come forward claiming to be Anastasia. And Mark Lane III will be bringing out a new book defending—or opposing—the claims of the incumbent Pretender. A gloomy prospect.

THE WEEK

■ **VOLUNTARY UNIONISM LOOKS QUITE ATTRACTIVE** to Roanoke, Va. Seems U.S. Steel closed a plant there last December. The employees, about 200 strong, formed a new union and got it recognized by the Department of Labor. The new union sought to reopen the plant by negotiating wages lower than those demanded by the nationwide contract that had just been negotiated. Now the National Labor Relations Board has ruled that the new union cannot represent the people; the big Steelworkers contract is binding; the plant must stay closed; the people must seek work elsewhere.

■ **URBAN RENEWAL BUFFS** are looking anxiously at Kansas. Last August the voters of Hutchinson passed an ordinance forbidding federal projects along that line for ten years. Now Junction City and Emporia have passed similar ordi-

DECEMBER 6, 1966 1

A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:

A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:

A provocative report by "Quincy," pseudonym for a top Washington correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government —that's why his news beats often appear as headline stories *weeks* after you've read them in the BULLETIN;

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the shades to recover a whole woman.

And *Ash Wednesday,* renouncing the blessed face and renouncing the voice, letting us know that he cannot drink "there, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is nothing again"—*Ash Wednesday,* that incomparable homage to Dante, is the most agonized, most personal poem of all, and does not let Eliot's posterity forget that Dante's ideal lady too once walked an earthly street. A lady watches with unnerving calm while three beasts dismember him; and although "she honors the Virgin in meditation" she is later "withdrawn/ In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown," as a tormented woman would have been in a nursing home; whereupon a litany hails her as "lady of silences" and as "end of the endless/Journey to no end."

What he made of all this, elevating private agonies in a rhetoric that never blurs their identity even as it dissuades us from noticing the literally personal and local before our eyes, was the poetry that for two generations made the twentieth century seem habitable because accessible to language. His miseries, in that strange iridescent poetry that seems as particular as something seen and yet as omnipresent as sound, changed scale and shape and filled a world apt for expressive symbiosis with misery. He did not scruple to tell the exact truth about himself and his troubles, so firmly that we cannot believe what we hear (has anyone, unaware of the facts, ever suspected how many lines in *Ash Wednesday* simply meant what they said?). Nothing is so unbelievable as exact truth told in a calm voice; and the friends who tell tactful truths about his life now betray nothing.

One contributor, the publisher Robert Giroux, has a story about Eliot's admiration for the style of Joe Louis. "He was once cornered at a cocktail party by a woman who screamed at him, 'All my life I've wanted to meet T. S. Eliot, and here you are! I can hardly believe it!' He replied, 'If that's how you feel, then you're luckier than I am. All my life I've wanted to meet Joe Louis and I haven't.' I doubt if she believed him, but he was merely doing what he so often did, stating the truth."

"What he so often did, stating the truth": how odd that such a point should be made of anyone! But how accurately it catches the singular quality of his truth-telling, that a friend should be moved to remark that he not only did it, but did it often! (Which of us, parenthetically, can hope for such words, from so accurate a friend?)

And he said nothing truer than his remark, in *The Dry Salvages,* about other people's agonies, that they are permanent "with such permanence as time has."

We appreciate this better
In the agony of others, nearly experienced,
Involving ourselves, than in our own.
For our own past is covered by the currents of action,
But the torment of others remains an experience
Unqualified, unworn by subsequent attrition.
People change, and smile: but the agony abides.

It is Eliot's agony, unworn by attrition, that abides in that supremely truthful poetry, tempting to no prying nor any smugness, merely there, unqualified, part of the emotional tone of a terrible century. That another man was later happily married would be merely a biographical fact; but it is a relief and a pleasure to be reminded, as more than one contributor to this volume reminds us, of T. S. Eliot's eight last happy years.

Guest Critic of China

KARL A. WITTFOGEL

China—The Surprising Country, by Myra Roper. Doubleday, $6.50

In 1963, Miss Myra Roper, the principal of the University Women's College in Melbourne, was a member of the first Australian tourist group allowed to visit the Chinese mainland after what she refers to as "the lean years of 1960 to 1962." Before her departure she asked permission to make a film for television during her stay.

Upon her arrival in Peking, the Communist organization dealing with her trip immediately granted this request. And not only that. Her team was given professional help in the person of a Mr. Feng, "an experienced film producer," a younger assistant cameraman, and a special interpreter.

Was it an accident of choice that the Communist regime allowed and helped her to make a film of "everyday life in China"—a favor granted, as she was aware, to very few people "apart from several journalists well-known to the Chinese (Edgar Snow, Felix Greene, and the Gelders)"? Snow and his colleagues were well-known to the Chinese not only as journalists, but as friends of their regime. And what about Miss Roper? What qualified her for the task she set out to fulfill in 1963? According to her own statement she enjoyed only a modest knowledge of China and "a more modest one of Marxism." These deficiencies seem to have blended well with a seasoned pro-Peking orientation. Since the Fifties she had been associated with the Australia-China Society, which in 1958, at the invitation of the Chinese Women's Federation, had chosen her to visit China.

Avowedly Miss Roper was invited primarily to see "what the new regime had done 'to liberate' women in China." Miss Roper arrived in China in mid-September 1958, and "moved around the country and the cities" for about a month, i.e., until mid-October. The time is crucial. The policy of the Great Leap had just been climaxed by the creation of the

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"rural communes." The strong hostility to this development, which was linked to an equally strong hostility to the new rural economy as a whole, created an abysmal crisis in the countryside. In October, this crisis must have become extremely threatening to the regime because throughout November top-ranking Communist leaders held secret conferences for the purpose of critically re-examining major features of the commune policy, including those pertaining to the peasants' family life. One of the latter, the obligatory use of nurseries, was abandoned in December, and another, the obligatory use of public kitchens, in the spring of 1959.

WHAT WAS THE EFFECT of these critical changes in the lives of Chinese women on Miss Roper? To be sure, the regime was faced with problems and difficulties, but her recollection of 1958 was one of a popularly accepted glory—past, present, and future.

On her 1963 trip, after the post-communal crisis, she wanted to make "a fair and objective record of what life in the new China is like"; and she did raise some critical questions from the standpoint of Western democracy; but she also wanted to avoid "any filming unacceptable to our hosts." How did she square the circle?

Obviously, prior to, and after, her 1963 trip she should have consulted the generally accessible evidence, official and other, friendly and hostile, including the testimony of refugees then in Hong Kong. (Refugees from Nazi Germany were often deeply upset, but *post festum* tests have shown that in most cases their "emotional" descriptions were eminently accurate.) Before setting out on her 1963 trip, Miss Roper did talk "with some of Australia's Chinese scholars"; and she expresses her "warm thanks" to Professor C. P. Fitzgerald of the Australian National University—"for his books" and also "for his reading of my manuscript, which saved me from some errors of fact and interpretation." In her "Bibliography (for the general reader)" she lists a few publications of critical writers and a few critical journals, such as the *China Quarterly*. But her book never faces up to the evidence presented in these sources. And she does not even mention the continuing flow of translations made from Chinese Mainland dailies and magazines by reliable centers of research and analysis located in Hong Kong. It seems inconceivable that the Australian China experts she consulted should have failed to point to these basic sources of information.

ON THE MATTER of satisfying her Chinese hosts, she seems to have been more successful. As already noted, she discussed with them the relative merits of the Communist and the non-Communist worlds. But in all operationally relevant issues she met the wishes of her guides and interpreters, and most importantly when she and her team were filming their two major pictures, *Peking Day* and *Commune Day*. How did Miss Roper, who wanted to present a "fair and objective record," report on these manifestations of China's new Communist society?

Peking Day. The husband and wife whom the Australian team, with proper guidance, found in a cotton factory were supposed to fit into the category of "typical city workers." Did they? The apartment in which they lived contained conspicuous "signs of prosperity," including a

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Pamela Hansford Johnson's *On Iniquity* (Scribner's, Spring), a Capote-ish study of those nasty murders on the moors which made headlines last year, dares to assert that simple, ordinary *wickedness* is not dead. Effrontery! . . . A poor, peculiar old Scotswoman is the heroine of *A Flight of Steps* by Robert Nicolson (Knopf, $3.95). She doesn't want to leave her soon-to-be-bulldozed slum for a nice, tidy, government Old Folks Home, and the author doesn't want to her to, either. Double Effrontery! . . . Quick portraits of the assorted crackpots who inhabit London's Hyde Park and orate therein are offered in Heathcote Williams' *The Speakers* (Grove, $5) . . . *America's Concentration Camps* by Allan R. Bosworth tells the unsavory tale of how our government, aided by California's then attorney general, one Earl Warren, moved thousands of Americans of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast to inland compounds. 'Twas in another land, of course, and the wench is dead. (Norton, $5.95) . . . A leading publisher of softbound science-fiction reports that, according to its survey of leading scientists, 75 per cent were led to their careers by reading sf as youths.

● CAVEAT! Perpetrators of the nauseous, fudgy, liberty-taking *Alice Through the Looking Glass* TV special, which ran last fall, are hard at work on a song-and-dance treatment of Robin Hood. They have, reports *Variety*, found no takers for the confection. Pray!

● DOINGS: Samuel Goldwyn Jr. has acquired rights to seven of Chester Himes' mysteries starring Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones. First to be filmed will be *Cotton Comes to Harlem*. With all that money, Himes will doubtless be able to devote all his time to cranking out high-type porn for Barney Rosset. . . . Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*, a notable stage success, will become a Paramount film starring Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, with Gene Saks directing. . . . The State of Kansas won't let director Richard Brooks film prison sequences for *In Cold Blood* in its penitentiary. . . . Paramount is mulling a film biography of Jack Ruby, to star we wonder who; other biographies planned include one of Simón Bolívar from MGM (now stalled) with Richard Burton maybe starring, and one called $E=MC^2$, whose producer wants Lee J. Cobb to play Albert Einstein (!). . . . Joshua Logan will finish directing *Camelot* late this spring, then turn to a musical treatment of White's *Mistress Masham's Repose*. . . . Nice: Kukla, Fran and Ollie will host the "CBS Children's Film Festival" starting in February. Sunday afternoon offerings will include *The Red Balloon*.

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sewing machine which, Miss Roper tells us, "is rather . . . costly and much sought after." Both were "model workers" who had received several medals for fine performance. The husband knew "some three thousand characters" (double the literacy minimum of 1500) and had "passed examinations in three subjects of his textile engineer's diploma-course." Whether he was a worker in the process of becoming an engineer or a student of engineering who did part-time work in the factory (because of the labor shortage), he was *not* a "typical city worker."

Commune Day. Miss Roper's first visit to a commune village near Canton prepared her for the pleasant sights she was to see in a commune near Hangchow. At a time when, according to an official Communist statement, something like 50 per cent of all counties and municipalities were without electricity (*Ta-Kung Pao,* March 13, 1963), Miss Roper, during her visit to the commune near Canton, was assured "that the majority of villages now have electric light." She gained the impression that "furniture, once very scanty, is now becoming commonplace, radios are almost taken for granted, and most peasants have, or are saving up for, a bicycle and a wrist watch."

This was certainly not typical for China's village communes in the early Sixties. And the tea and rice-producing Hangchow commune the Australians were shown was even less so. But just as she was ready in Peking to film as a "typical worker," a man she knew was on his way to becoming an engineer, so again she uncritically accepted her hosts' statements and suggestions. Production in the Hangchow commune, she was told, had enjoyed "a steady increase year by year." Since the commune was formed, "tea crops had increased by thirty-five per cent . . . rice by forty-six per cent," and this at a time when rural China admittedly was just beginning to recover from the worst agricultural catastrophe it had suffered "in a hundred years." In view of the famine years of 1959-1961, the steady upward trend claimed for the Hangchow commune she visited differed strikingly from what was being reported from most other mainland villages.

For good measure, her Communist aides added for filming a "model village," a housing settlement in Shanghai that was considered representative of life in some sixty "new 'villages'" in or near that city. The

Shanghai "Model Village," while no village at all, in all probability was a model for the way in which settlement units above the village level were controlled by a locally powerful Street Committee. The student of modern European history will recall the "block" organizations in National-Socialist Germany. And the student of Chinese history will recall the methods of control imperial China exerted on small residential units. In the total managerial society of Mao's China, the local administration is much more pervasive and much more powerful.

The Street Committee that interested Miss Roper particularly, because of its impact on the life of female residents, had 21 paid secretaries. She was fully aware that this body was an "immensely significant institution with an immeasurable effect on national life." And she was not unaware of the omnipresence of the Party (and this despite her belief that many lower and middle officials were "democratically" elected). Nor was she entirely unaware of the hidden ways in which the Party and the political police operated. "Bitterer critics" of the regime, she reported, "claim to offer proof that the Committees act as police-agents or at least liaison officers, even *agents-provocateurs.*"

If this is true, then Communist China would be a police state, supervising and controlling all. Miss Roper does not completely reject this possibility, but she excuses the ever-present Communist State by reference to its "historical and philosophical context." What is the historical context? In line with certain advocates of "progressive totalitarianism," she asserts that official supervision and lack of privacy prevailed throughout China's past and that therefore these conditions do not disturb the people now. ➔

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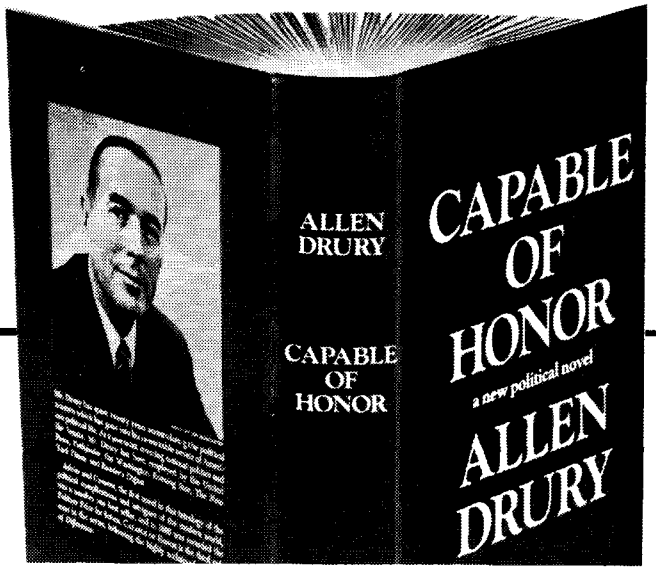

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"Privacy, unknown in the past, is not missed in the present; past neglect is gladly exchanged for present supervision."

Miss Roper is here speaking in generalities, where specifics are of the essence. Among all Oriental societies, traditional China was outstanding in permitting, below the level of total political power, many forms of individualism—in property, social life, and thought. Whoever uses the limitations on China's past freedom to excuse the totalitarian lack of freedom in Communist China disregards elementary truths of China's institutional and cultural history.

And what about the "philosophical" context? She notes that the Chinese Communist regime is extremely powerful (it owns all strategic means of production, controls all political, social and ideological life), but it is also extremely benevolent. Its regulatory organizations, such as the Street Committees, are basically motivated by "good intentions." In their actions, "great good will, neighborliness, and real Christian charity were manifestly present." If this and similar formulations constitute Miss Roper's "philosophical" understanding, we cannot do better than quote Spinoza: "Ignorance is no argument!"

The Realities of Power

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

THE SOBERING REALITIES of power are the surest test of men's true worth. Campaign verbiage, ideological conceits, and political manifestos no longer suffice as measures of competency; the man in high office must understand the true nature and sources of power or be cast aside. Because he lacked this understanding, Juan Bosch has been cast aside twice: once by the Dominican military establishment and business classes and, more recently, by the Dominican people as a whole, in one of the freest elections ever held in Latin America. *Overtaken by Events*, written by the U. S. Ambassador to Bosch's government, details the reasons for this rejection in a blunt, no-holds-barred fashion. And it is all the more powerful for being written by an admitted admirer of the forces which Bosch was supposed to represent: the "non-Communist, democratic Left." It is even faintly possible that Ambassador Martin's book will convince Theodore Draper to cast aside Juan Bosch.

Overtaken by Events, by John Bartlow Martin. Doubleday, $7.95

Four months after meeting the man who was to be the first freely elected President of the Dominican Republic in over thirty years, this protégé of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. decided: "We could not trust Juan Bosch. For President he would not do . . . he was a reckless political plunger, willing to risk everything . . . to gain a personal political objective." Words such as these are going to sit mighty hard on the laps of many American liberals, but the case built by Martin is solid and convincing.

Bosch's understanding with the Castro Communists, his inability to deliver the jobs and lands with which he had enticed the voters, his refusal to deal with the business community (the real source of power in the country), his indifference to the fate of the political party which had elected him, and his fundamental inability to make decisions or carry them out spelled his doom. As Martin acidly remarks, "Bosch was a successful exile politician, and could always go back to being one if he turned out to be a failure as a President."

THE RESPONSE of Martin himself to the realities of power is equally illuminating. A devoted follower of Adlai Stevenson, a member of Bobby Kennedy's Hickory Hill salon, and a defender of civil liberties, Martin could plead with the Dominican government to harass and illegally detain members of the extreme Left, hoping to drive them out of the country. As Ambassador, Martin freely gave his opinion to the government about how things ought to be run, even to the extent of drafting major speeches for the President. He confesses that his conscience twinged at times, but "the alternatives were simply unacceptable." Two of the Dominicans Martin respected most were the assassins of Trujillo, Tony Imbert and Luis Amiama: "They were reasonable men, realistic men, not hotheaded patriots or melodramatic *poseurs* . . . when I wanted to be sure a deportation would work smoothly, I turned to them."

Overtaken by Events was ready for the printers when the Dominican Civil War of April-May 1965 broke out, and Martin was drafted as a Presidential envoy for the crisis. His role was a controversial one, especially as he continued to call the shots as he saw them. He was the first high official openly to declare that the rebel movement had been taken over by the Communists, and he made valiant efforts to construct an effective national government around Tony Imbert. But his effort was, in State Department terminology, "overtaken by events," as Washington decided to remove Imbert. It seems to have been a bitter pill for Martin to swallow.

A RELEVANT QUESTION, in view of the above paragraphs, is how John Bartlow Martin could ever hope to get in the front door at Hickory Hill. The answer is painfully apparent whenever he divorces himself from the realities of power. These lapses occur primarily in the opening and closing pages of his 821-page account. The chapter on "The Trujillo Era" is a travesty of scholarship, especially since it can now be compared with Robert Crassweller's recent book. Martin repeats, *ad nauseam*, every real and imagined crime of the Trujillo era, without any attempt to discriminate between fact and fiction. Further, throughout the book he tends to lay all the ills of Dominican economics, politics, and society on Trujillo's grave. The personification of evil is a general human tendency, but it seldom fits the facts. Further evidence for his admissibility into the Hickory Hill set comes from Martin's final pages. Here the case for the non-Communist, democratic Left is presented in its customary mixture of generalizations, pious hopes and wishful thinking.

But the whole thrust of the book contradicts this thesis, just as Martin's cables from Santo Domingo apparently rapidly disenchanted Washington with Juan Bosch. The non-Communist, democratic Left, if such a political entity actually exists, simply is not viable in connection with Latin Amercan reality. Men such as

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Martin, Senator Fulbright and Theodore Draper posit its existence because it fits into their ideological view of the world. The university students and professional classes may make a lot of noise, but the electorate that made Juan Bosch President in 1962 also rejected him for a conservative candidate in 1966.

If *Overtaken by Events* shows Martin the Ambassador and Presidential envoy dealing with the realities of power in a competent and vigorous manner, it also shows Martin the liberal laboring under a clumsy load of ideological baggage, which he was fortunately able to discard when the chips were down.

Movies in Brief

RICHARD CORLISS

FAHRENHEIT 451 is the temperature at which paper can burn; it is also the title of Ray Bradbury's novel and François Truffaut's new film. More allegory than science fiction, the plot describes the conflict between the book-hating automatons of a too near future world and a criminal species called "Bookpeople", who escape the robotoid community with a book either on the person or in their mind. The film concentrates on Montag (Oskar Werner) as he evolves from book-burner to book-learner, from machine to man, and renounces his trite vidiotic wife for a vibrant young Bookgirl. The Bookpeople have as much *élan* as the robots have ennui. Unfortunately for the viewer (and the film), we don't enter Bookland until the film is nearly over. The actions of the shallow, auto-erotic people that fill the rest of *Fahrenheit 451* interest us little, and move us less: when a cartoon cries, we worry only that the ink will run. And so that world is never convincing, never exists for us (a problem shared by such sophisticated horror films as *The Trial, Seconds* and *Cul-de-Sac*)—partially because of the ineptitude of minor-role performances. The book-burnings (beautifully realized by M. Truffaut, who demonstrates his technical mastery in every frame) are far more fascinating: when the pages of a book, in the process of burning, assume the shape of a charred flower, it is one of the screen's magic moments (like Cocteau's "creating" a flower, petal by petal, in *The Testament of Orpheus*). There are several such moments in the film—the most impressive and moving when a dying Bookman hurries to teach his nephew all of Stevenson's unfinished romance, "Weir of Hermiston," in his remaining days. This sequence alone makes *Fahrenheit 451* worth saving, and makes us wonder how men will retain films in their heads as they do books—and what the temperature is at which celluloid burns?

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM is a colorful collage of sight gags, burlesque routines, single-*entendre* songs and naked ladies assembled by Richard Lester, director of *The Knack* and the Beatles films. Mr. Lester is a Philadelphian who has so assimilated British culture during his ten years in the Kingdom that his accent is as neatly clipped as his hair is not. (It is even rumored that he now pronounces his name "Leicester.") He has not lost familiarity with the American vaudeville tradition, however, and it is the combination of old-time slapstick with new-wave techniques that makes his movie such a funny thing. I should herewith state my Theory of Film Comedy: a movie may be considered funny if half of its intended jokes work. Since *Forum*'s 99 minutes contain 574 jokes (by my count; a colleague tallied 568), the quotient, by any standard, is a funny film. At times Mr. Lester's pace is so quick we miss a gag; at other times *Forum* becomes tedious, as during the ten-minute chase scene—but our interest in the former generally overcomes our boredom during the latter. The plot, from Plautus' Roman farces, revolves around a slave's attempt to become free by matching his young master with the boy's inamorata, a virgin courtesan who is in imminent danger of being sold to a pompous general. But our heroine needs just one look at the hard knight's daze to realize he is . . . the man who raped her homeland, Thrace, thrice. But a closer look reveals him as her long-lost brother: she is thus a freewoman, free to marry our hero (whose name is Hero), who may thereby free the slave. The highly entertaining cast includes Jack Gilford, Zero Mostel, Michard Crawford and Buster Keaton; but my favorites were Leon Greene (the general) and Phil Silvers (a flesh peddler). In one scene Mr. Silvers disguises himself as a "holy leper" and emphasizes the fact by grandly coughing on people; and Mr. Greene, the cut-rate Caesar, spends his time at "a sit-down orgy for forty" by dictating his memoirs: "Chapter 8—The Sabine Campaign, Or, A Boy Becomes A Man."

KALEIDOSCOPE is perhaps only the first imitation of Stanley Donen's brilliant visual swindle, *Arabesque*. Both are suspense-comedies employing an ornate graphic style (photographed in each case by Christopher Challis) and a suggestively gimmicky title: *Arabesque* was concerned with the attempted assassination of a middle-Eastern prime minister, while *Kaleidoscope* is the company name of the playing cards used to destroy a British gangster. The success of these two films will surely prompt Hollywood, always eager to ruin an interesting film genre by overexposure, to offer us *Ormolu* (a jewel robbery), *Filigree* (murder in a lace factory), *Chiaroscuro* (Sidney Poitier uncovers a Klan plot), *Barococo, Chiasma, Pasticcio, ad infinitum nauseamque.* I for one, welcome the cycle, for it would be patterned on the finest

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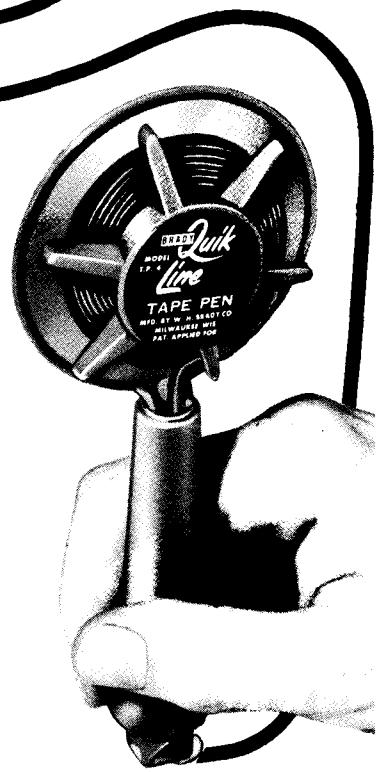

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model in its field: *Arabesque.* A thousand words would not suffice to limn the countless beauties, intricacies and delights of that exquisite fraud. I can compliment it here only by averring that *Kaleidoscope,* inferior in every respect (conception, plot, dialogue, performance, musical score and, especially, visuals), is still quite worth seeing and enjoying. Susannah York is perkily attractive as a breezy British bird, and Warren Beatty even relinquishes his trademarked languor during a delicious scene when the absurdly degenerate villain, before killing our hero, offers him "scones or sticky buns?" Mr. Beatty chooses sticky buns.

BLOW-UP, Michelangelo Antonioni's English-language film about people being shot, first focuses on a band of gaily-dressed mimes, fantasy phantoms zooming through the streets of London. They pass a young man, dressed like a bum, at the wheel of a Rolls Royce. As if seduced by his incongruous glamor, the film drops the mimes to follow the hardly more realistic young man, a fashion photographer whose hobby is shooting *real* people. Antonioni's films (*L'Avventura, Red Desert*) have impressed mainly as finely set-up fashion photographs of upper-class manikins who feel nothing stronger than boredom; but in *Blow-Up* he delineates a character (played with decadent charm by David Hemmings) who is a potentially real person—who, on discovering a planned murder through enlargements of what he had thought to be photographs of a love frolic, has a chance to escape from his zombie *demi-monde* into a true, full world where real people live and die. But his search is continually diverted by the hip scene's usual monotonous temptations: blowing $30 on an oar in the antique shop of a stunning, bored girl (Jane Burkin); comforting, and perhaps setting up for seduction, his neighbor's mistress (Sarah Miles in a beautifully shaded performance); casually having the might-be murder accomplice (Vanessa Redgrave, embarrassingly bad, perhaps from seeing too many Monica Vitti movies) and being had in turn;

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and wasting time in a giddy, graphic gambol with a pair of Lolitas, then at a rock 'n' roll bash, and finally at a subdued wild party. His flesh, which has known so many pleasures, is weak, and he renews his search too late to help. Alone and dejected by the mod world's vacuity, he again meets the mimes, as the film's two themes (illusion *vs.* reality, the hip half-life *vs.* real life and death) perfectly dovetail. With a bit of the old-Fellini magic in which *Blow-Up* is surprisingly rich, Antonioni shows the mimes in a tennis game with a make-believe ball; and suddenly our photographer hears the ball being hit back and forth. The ball is hit out of play near him. He pauses, then picks up the ball, throws it back and watches the match go on. We have come to *feel* (a rare reaction to an Antonioni film; but this is a rare film) that he understands what is real, and what is worth keeping. But then, *he* disappears—into what we realize is only a series of photographs!

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SPIRIT OF '76, by Holmes Alexander (Arlington House, $6.00). This political novel is an enjoyable combination of fact, futuristic fancy, and right-wing doctrine. Hero of the Drury-like plot is a conservative Republican who ascends to the Presidency upon the assassination of his GOP running-mate, and proceeds to re-order U. S. policy at home and abroad according to conservative principles. Overtones of the Kennedy reign and LBJ's performance, projections of liberal absurdities to their illogical consequences, and pungent observations on contemporary events are interlaced with a well-constructed, fast-moving story line. Of particular interest is Alexander's parody of the liberal no-think in the aftermath of Kennedy's assassination, when a Marxist's crime was made the pretext for crucifixion of conservatives. An entertaining take-off on some frequently unpleasant subjects.

M. S. EVANS

THE WORD IN HISTORY, edited by T. Paul Burke (Sheed and Ward, $4.50). The "Word" of the title is the *Logos*, and the ten essays that make up this volume deal with the futuristic concerns of Christian theology as those concerns are conceived by the Catholic, Protestant and Eastern Orthodox contributors. The central concern is how to bring man and God together in history. Thus, for Karl Rahner theology must be anthropologized, must be made man-centered while also remaining God-centered. Rahner works in mysterious ways this wonder to perform and comes out with a rather heavy eassy. So, too, does his colleague Edward Schillebeeckx. Jean Danielou's discussion of Christian and non-Christian religions is imaginative, while Joseph Sittler on Protestant theology is quite solid. A really fine essay on nature and grace is provided by Henri de Lubac. On the other hand, Charles Davis emerges as the champion of tedium in a piece on the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Somewhat mystical, but at the same time passionate and sharp, is Orthodox theologian Alexander Schmemann's treatment of freedom in the Church. The related topic of institutionalized religion is handled unimpressively by Yves Congar. One is, however, quite impressed by the insights of George Lindbeck's paper on the framework of Catholic-Protestant disagreement. Yet incomparably the best essay of all is J. B. Metz's offering on the Church and the world. It combines stringent organizational discipline in its thesis with dazzling brilliance in execution. It is by itself worth the price of the book, and almost compensates one for having to wade through Father Davis' monotonies. (I said *almost.*)

E. H. WALL

THE COMMUNIST PARTY APPARATUS, by Abdurakhman Avtorkhanov (Regnery, $10.00). A solid, scholarly analysis of the unique form of one-party rule introduced by Lenin and continuing to the present day, unchanged in its internal structural system despite adaptations of organizational form to changing conditions of time and place. The key to Party rule is the "party within the party"—the cadre of hard-core Communist apparatus, which not only controls but *directs* the Party itself, the Soviet state, and all Soviet life. Beginning with a careful survey of Lenin's doctrine of "a party of a new type,"

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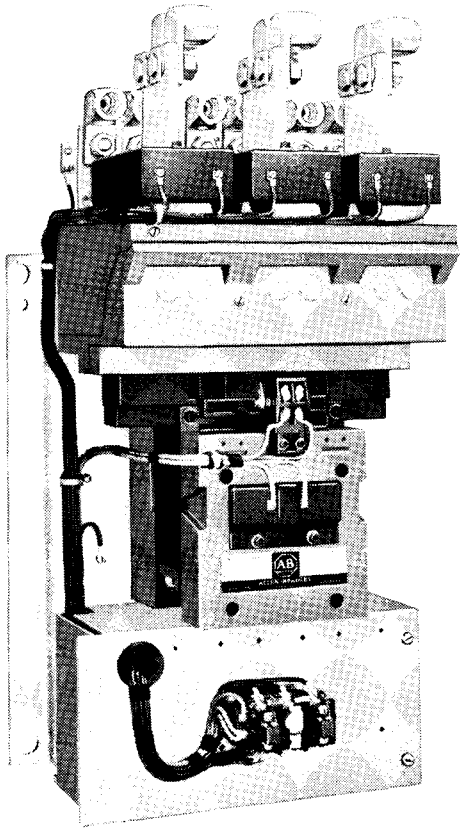

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E. MERRITT

THE GERMANS AND THEIR MODERN HISTORY, by Fritz Ernst, translated by Franz Prugh (Columbia University Press, $4.50). During the past two decades German citizens and German historians have been forced into a thorough-going reconsideration of the last half-century of German history. The collapse in 1945 brought to the surface an awareness of the problematical nature of the recent German historical experience. In the postwar period the chief concern of German historical thought has been the confrontation of the recent past and the attempt to master and to redeem that past. In the winter semester of 1961-62 Fritz Ernst, a German historian at the University of Heidelberg, gave a series of lectures on German history from 1911-1961. These lectures aroused widespread and favorable comment. They have now been translated into English and should prove equally fascinating to the American audience both because of the substantive historical material they contain and the insight they provide into the contemporary German mind.

S. TONSOR

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (January 24)

FULTON J. SHEEN: WAY TO INNER PEACE

The tragedy of today is that the world is not only tearing up the photographs of a good society, but also tearing up the negatives. By denying truth the world gives up the search for it, just as the man who believes that blindness is normal will never seek a cure.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A resident of our largest state	31 14 22 66 36 74 79 94 103 132
	25
B. A sea, arm of the North Pacific	35 190 148 122 75 30 217
C. A cave man or cave dweller	43 153 128 21 3 201 26 60 147 64
D. How to drink from the Pierian Spring	55 38 92 178 160 123 168 4 23
E. Outside the Milky Way system	2 65 34 50 51 220 57 73 81 10
	87 95 37
F. Pertaining to revival from apparent death or from unconsciousness	84 105 96 224 144 42 146 169 184 198
	218 48 8
G. A person of ardent zeal	89 61 208 200 161 5 124 98 189 225
H. Site of battle, War of 1812 (in 1814)	134 113 63 82 170 194 138 221 100 111
I. A bad place to be out on	137 53 18 107
J. To whom did Paul write these words: "When they shall say, 'Peace and safety,' then sudden destruction cometh upon them?"	142 11 17 29 33 39 58 62 90 99
	112 219 85
K. Old Testament book illustrating poetic justice	154 67 6 110 83 40
L. Thin, narrow strips of wood	185 32 9 209 197

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A girl's name	205 68 163 12 156
N. Having a disparaging effect or force	72 130 195 210 140 41 101 157 52 179
O. Type of bag (or bottle) that helps out in a predicament	77 125 114 139 86 131 136 45
P. Professed, pretended, apparent, conspicuous	116 13 88 143 70 46 133 1 216 182
Q. In these times	126 93 145 206 106 215 188 15
R. Issues formally for circulation, as paper money	166 97 19 71 118
S. A performance in pantomime; a thumbnail review	181 207 202 135 149 115 223 186
T. To establish in an office or position	212 20 158 76 141 91 150 127 120
U. What Paul's angry cry would do on his famous midnight ride	7 24 121 44 54 164 69 117 155 174
	177
V. Part of body bent in barroom calisthenics	16 27 222 47 193
W. Celebrated in song	151 172 187 104 109 49 119
X. A songbird	171 176 165 196 213 152
Y. To cover or bury beneath a mass of something	192 167 28 183 199 204 78 59 159
Z. Dressed the hair a certain way	211 102 203 214 80 129
a. One of the United States of Mexico	108 56 162 173 175 180 191

See page 156 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 P	2 E	3 C	4 D		5 G	6 K	7 U	8 F	9 L	10 E	11 J	12 M	13 P		14 A	
15 O	16 V	17 J	18 I	19 R	20 T	21 C	22 A	23 D		24 U	25 A	26 C	27 V	28 Y	29 J	30 B	
31 A	32 L	33 J	34 E		35 B	36 A		37 E	38 D	39 J	40 K	41 N	42 F	43 C	44 U	45 O	46 P
	47 V	48 F	49 W	50 E		51 E		52 N	53 I	54 U	55 D	56 a	57 E	58 J	59 Y	60 C	
61 G	62 J	63 H	64 C	65 E	66 A	67 K	68 M	69 U	70 P	71 R		72 N	73 E	74 A	75 B		76 T
77 O	78 Y		79 A	80 Z	81 E	82 H	83 K	84 F	85 J		86 O	87 E	88 P	89 G	90 J	91 T	92 D
93 O	94 A		95 E	96 F		97 R	98 G	99 J	100H	101N	102Z	103A	104W	105F	106O		107I
108a		109W	110K	111H		112J	113H	114O	115S	116P	117U	118R		119W	120T	121U	122B
123D	124G	125O	126O		127T	128C		129Z	130N	131O	132A	133P	134H		135S	136O	137I
138H		139O	140N	141T	142J	143P	144F		145O	146F	147C	148B		149S	150T	151W	152X
	153C	154K	155U	156M	157N	158T	159Y		160D	161G	162a	163M		164U	165X	166R	167Y
168D	169F	170H		171X	172W	173a	174U		175a	176X	177U		178D	179N	180a	181S	182P
183Y		184F	185L	186S	187W	188O	189G		190B	191a	192Y	193V	194H		195N	196X	197L
198F		199Y	200G	201C	202S		203Z	204Y	205M		206O	207S	208G	209L	210N	211Z	
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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 118)

analogy which was not. To discover that innocents are being bombed, you said, "is on the order of discovering that when you sprayed the weeds in the garden, you sprayed some grass, too." To my mind, that kind of thinking is right in a class with the liberal's callous dictum that you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs. The incineration of a child with napalm is hardly on the same scale of moral importance as the destruction of a piece of grass with 2, 4-D. Glib but unthinking parallels of that kind do much to convince ordinary people that Buckley-type conservatives, for all their sparkle, are morally insensitive.

Edmonton, Alberta JOHN J. BARR
Editorial Writer
Edmonton Journal

Smoker?

As a devoted reader, Buckley catechumen and confirmed cigar smoker, I must take arms. Mrs. Hazelton in an otherwise salubrious essay [Jan. 10] gives us WFB's reason for avoidance of the hangover: non-smoking. Apart from the sadism implicit in such a position methinks I am dreaming. Several years ago I had the pleasure of being a guest at a reception for WFB. He, I and other unregenerate Midwestern types graced the hostess's carpet with copious cigar ash. Am I slipping, has Buckley switched, or is research indicated?

Chicago, Ill. JOSEPH H. BAUM

Cigars don't count. —ED.

Sickened

As a Roman Catholic who studied under a brilliant Episcopalian chaplain for a year, I was sickened by the tasteless and utterly puerile remarks made by Mr. Auberon Waugh concerning the Church of England ["A Christmas Sermon," Dec. 27].

I think maybe the memory of C.S. Lewis, for one, deserves better.

Pine Plains, N. Y. ENRICO G. PEPPE

As an old-fangled Catholic, I say thank God for Auberon Waugh!

Vancouver, B. C. KATHLEEN MARSON

Pearl Harbor Revisionism

I dislike Mr. Greaves' article in the issue of December 13 for two important reasons that, in my opinion, make all his attacks on President Roosevelt's duplicity toward the nation, collusion with belligerents, and alleged responsibility for Pearl Harbor's disaster seem secondary and superficial.

These two points are: 1) Mr. Greaves seems to insinuate that the aggression of Japan in Manchuria was either not a moral wrong or even that it did not happen. Are we to believe that the incident was manufactured by Stimson to promote his anti-Japanese ideas?

2) Mr. Greaves apparently attacks the anti-isolationist military ideas of pre-World War II days, which constitute the beliefs of most political conservatives for today's foreign policy.

EDWIN RAY SHERRARD JR.
New York, N. Y.

'Equality ad Absurdum'

In "Principles & Heresies" for Nov. 15, Frank S. Meyer makes a good point and then misses one.

He is correct when he uncovers the genteelism, "culturally deprived," as meaning "ignorant"; but he is incorrect when he implicitly accepts "stupidity" as the exclusive and plenary synonym of "ignorance."

If the College Entrance Examination Boards are to be changed, they will be altered to advantage the more intelligent individual regardless of his past talent to remember (or learn) trivia. In college the all-important criterion of a good student is his ability to reason logically, to examine and to reach the truth.

A college education is a process of unlearning and relearning. The total net sum of accumulated, miscellaneous facts (for which the CEEB *does* test) is irrelevant to the true educational experience.

The CEEB people must be taken to task for their use of euphemism, but Mr. Meyer should not be so anxious to build a straw man and tear him down if he doesn't have a lesson to teach. He doesn't.

Pacific Palisades, Calif. SCOTT TEPPER

The end of education is not "skills" alone, but the transmission of the culture and the tradition of civilization. It may be that objective examinations, by which the CEEB tests for the possession of this knowledge, are not the best way of doing so; but that is the intent of these tests, and it should be reinforced, not weakened. —FSM

Hungry

Why do you make us wait a year or more between servings of Crumpet (Peter, that is)?

Dayton, Ohio NOEL WATSON

INDIA

(Continued from p. 129)

years ago in Communist-dominated Kerala.

The Communist Party, which is India's second largest, and which has 6 per cent of the seats in the present central parliament, stands to gain in this election. But the split between the Moscow and Peking wings probably means that it will not win control of any of the state parliaments with the exception of Kerala. Swatantra, with 3.7 per cent of the seats in the central parliament, stands to double that percentage and could conceivably find itself in a position to form a stable government in coalition with the Hindu Jan Sangh in Rajasthan state, and possibly even, and again with the help of Jan Sangh, in Madya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh, India's two largest states.

India has the potential for becoming one of the world's foremost nations. But the February elections will do little to improve on her present bumbling leadership.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ How will they vote? On one of first indicative stand-up-and-be-counteds in 90th Congress (whether to cut off filibusters) four of five new GOP senators voted against the leadership and with the liberals. They were: **Brooke** of Mass., **Griffin** of Mich., **Hatfield** of Ore., **Percy** of Ill. Voting with **Dirksen** *et al.*, Sen **Baker** of Tenn. . . . **Chuck Percy,** in one of his first post-election political speeches, in Harrisburg, Pa., back on dove stand. "To bring about what some call 'total victory' [in Vietnam] would be a catastrophic mistake that would engulf us abroad and weaken us at home." . . . **Romney** beefing up his staff for the big one. He's added **Travis Cross,** a long-time member of Mark Hatfield's staff in Oregon (Cross' job is to cut down the communications gap between Romney and his audiences), and **William Murphy,** a **William Scranton** aide. Murphy's credentials? He handled Scranton forces in San Francisco July '64. . . . Meanwhile, away from the ranch, **Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright** announce they have organization going in 38 states, are passing the hat for series of full-page ads in *N.Y. Times* and other papers. . . . Which doesn't worry old pro **Jim Farley.** Says he: "**LBJ** is bound to run and he's bound to win."

■ Did or did not Australian Communist **Wilfred Burchett,** an editor of CP-lining *National Guardian*, and major pro-North Vietnam propagandist, accompany **Harrison Salisbury** on his trip through North Vietnam? International Publishers, a far left company, says so. Burchett writes in *National Guardian* (Jan. 14): "These [bombings of civilian areas in Hanoi] are among the facts confirmed by *New York Times* correspondent Harrison Salisbury who visited the areas at the same time I did." A *Guardian* correspondent writes (Jan. 21): "Anyone who reads the *Guardian* of course knows that Wilfred Burchett accompanied Salisbury on some of his rounds in North Vietnam." Salisbury, Jan. 24: There are so few Westerners in North Vietnam that he and Burchett were at the same place at the same time occasionally; they did, he says, fly to Hanoi in an International Control Commission plane together.

Punch Ben Roth Agency

"As a person who fled from the Nazis, Mr. Meltzer, you'll enjoy talking with Dr. Stubbs, a refugee from British socialised medicine."

■ **U Thant** to UN: South Vietnam is not necessary to the security of Southeast Asia. Not so, the SecGen is wrong, say six UN Asian members: Laos, the Philippines, Korea, Free China, Japan, Thailand, neighbors all of Vietnam—and Red China. . . . A referendum conducted by French language *Jeune Afrique* in Africa came up with **U Thant** as "Man of the Year," followed in order by **Ben Barka,** de **Gaulle, Nkrumah, LBJ**. . . . Malaysia has ordered expulsion of Peace Corpsman **Bruce Anderson**—for criticizing President Johnson's foreign policy. Malaya has fought a couple of guerrilla wars herself; knows what guerrilla wars mean. . . . Red Guard furor in China could affect **Ho Chi Minh** strategy; will huge food shipments from China continue to arrive over long hauls in present disruption? . . . Red Chinese students in Paris, London; diplomats, technicians, newsmen from all over Europe, Africa returning to China (reasons given: vacations, to see sick relatives, change of post, home leave); presumable reason: ideological check-up. . . . **South Africa** announces it is going to extend its nine-month draft period for white males in view of probable unfavorable recommendations by UN commission on South West Africa. . . . **Portugal** has extended its period of compulsory military service to four years as result of Mozambique, Angola unrest.

■ **YAF** Strikes Again! American Motors has informed Young Americans for Freedom that proposed sale of autos to Soviet Union, announced Nov. 27, has been shelved after vigorous YAF protests. . . . First conservative "Get Involved" Political Workshop scheduled for Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel in Washington March 2 to 5. Among the speakers: Sen. **Strom Thurmond,** former Congressman **Donald Bruce,** Mme. **Suzanne Labin,** Goldwater biographer **Stephen Shadegg.** . . . **John Rousselot,** former Congressman from California, more recently public relations chief of John Birch Society, has resigned, as has **Tom Davis,** JBS' principal East Coast wheel.

■ Just couldn't resist it. When Sen. **William Spong** of Virginia heard Hong Kong music publishers had been pirating U.S. songs he urged two of his Senate colleagues to co-sponsor an anti-piracy "Fong-Long-Spong Hong Kong Song Bill."

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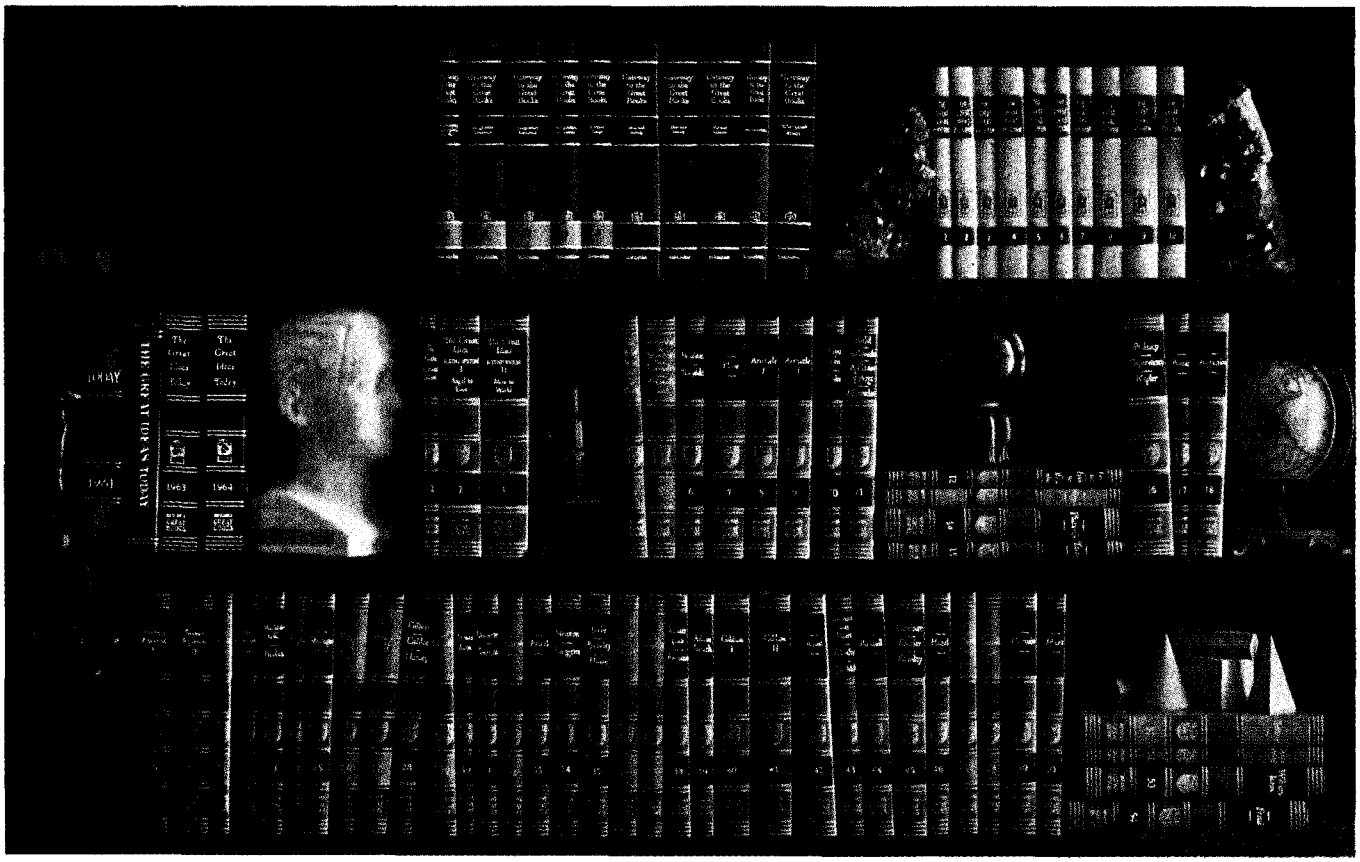

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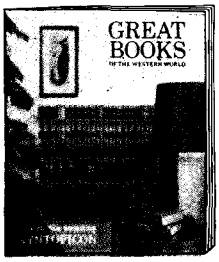

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